

HAVE YOU SEEN THE JANUARY "WORLD AND HIS WIFE"?

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

Ask for the
"EVENING
NEWS"
at your Bookstall
TOD-NIGHT.

No. 367.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. ADOLF BECK.



The victim of two wrongful convictions, who has been offered £5,000 by the Treasury as compensation.—(London Stereoscopic.)

FACSIMILE OF THE TREASURY DRAFT FOR £5,000.

(Deposit Account.) *Carl Contingencies Fund*

Order No. *43* Treasury, Whitehall, S.W., 31 December 1904.

Sir,

The Paymaster-General has been authorised to pay to you the sum of *Five thousand pounds* for compensation for your wrongful convictions and imprisonment.

Payment will be made at the Paymaster-General's Office, Whitehall, on presentation of this notification, with the form of Receipt hereunder duly signed by you. This document must be presented through a Bank. If payment be not claimed within one month of this date, the authority given will be liable to be cancelled.

I am, your obedient Servant,

To *Adolf Beck Esq* *L. Mount*

Full Amt. RECEIPT FOR AMOUNT PAID.

Tax I acknowledge to have received the above amount.

Net Amt. *£5000* { Signature and Stamp }

£sd.

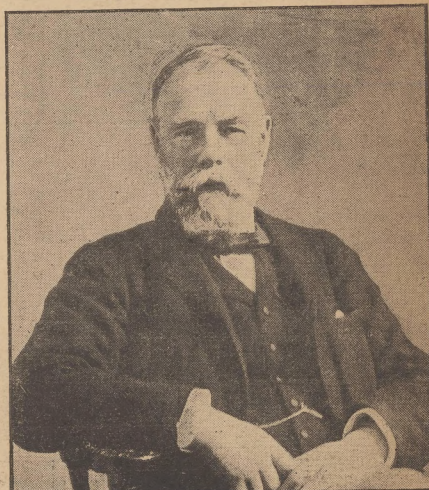
The £5,000 draft sent to Mr. Beck is reproduced above. The Treasury originally offered him £2,000 compensation, which he refused, and the "Daily Mail" guaranteed him that amount in the event of the Government withdrawing their offer. The result of the "Daily Mail's" agitation was the famous inquiry into the Beck case, which revealed how curiously justice is sometimes administered.

PORT ARTHUR'S SURRENDER MAKES THEM FRIENDS.



The good feeling engendered by the splendid behaviour of conquerors and conquered at Port Arthur has resulted in the formation of a firm friendship between the Russian and the Japanese performers at the Crystal Palace. They drank each other's healths in tea, and were photographed together as appears above.—(Russell.)

£200,000 FOR HOSPITALS.



Lord Mount Stephen, a peer who began life as a herdsboy, has given securities to the value of upwards of £200,000, producing an annual income of £11,000, to the King's Hospital Fund.—(Elliott and Fry.)

FOR FURTHER DESCRIPTIONS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS.—EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, the new Musical Play, *THE CINGALESE*. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, 8.30. (Last week.) *THE TEMPEST*. (Last week.) MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

MUCH ABOUT NOTHING will be produced on TUESDAY, January 24.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15. *HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANT*. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box office 10 to 10. Telephone 2195 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Solo Lessee and Manager. TO-NIGHT, and EVERY EVENING, at 9 sharp. *LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN*. By Oscar Wilde.

At 8.15, *THE DISCREET HUSBAND* by Joshua Bates. MATINEE (both plays) WEDNES. and SATS., at 2.15.

Mr. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON PANTOMIMES. **KENNINGTON THEATRE.**—Tel. 1006, Hop. MATINEES TO-DAY and SAT., at 2. Matinees Next Week, Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.

NIGHTLY, at all Theatres, at 7.30. **CORONET THEATRE.**—Tel. 1273, Kens. MATINEES TO-DAY and SAT., at 2 p.m. Matinees Next Week, Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.

CAMDEN THEATRE. N.W.—Tel. 928, K.C. MATINEE SAT., at 2 p.m. Matinees Next Week, Mon., Wed., and Sat.

FULHAM THEATRE. S.W.—Tel. 376, Kens. MATINEE SAT., at 2 p.m. Matinees Next Week, Mon., Wed., and Sat.

CROWN THEATRE. Peckham.—Tel. 412, Hop. MATINEES TO-DAY and SAT., at 2 p.m. Matinees Next Week, Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.

COLISEUM. FOUR PERFORMANCES. ST. MARTIN'S LANE. TWO ALTERNATE PROGRAMMES. **REVOLVING STAGE.** At 12 o'clock and 2 o'clock. **CHORISTERS.** At 6 o'clock and 8 o'clock.

Doors open one hour before each performance. **COLISEUM.** BOOKING OFFICES. EACH PERFORMANCE NOW OPEN LASTS TWO HOURS. From 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Seats in all parts. Stamped and Reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for programmes.

Programmes: "Coliseum, London." Telephone No. 7541 Gerrard.

COLISEUM. FOUR PERFORMANCES. Boxes £2 2s. and £1 1s. EVERY DAY. Other seats 2s., 1s., and 6d. PROGRAMMES. Managing Director, OSWALD STOLL.

THE LYCEUM. STRAND. Unanimous Verdict of the Press—"A Brilliant Success." OPEN TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. MATINEE WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30. **THE LYCEUM OPERATIO COMPANY**, including the following:

Mons. ANSALDI, Tenor, from the Grand Opera, Paris. Mlle. VAN PARYS, Soprano, from the Grand Opera, Paris. Mlle. DIAS, Contralto, from the Royal Theatre La Monnaie, Brussels. Mons. REY, Baritone, from the Grand Opera, Nice. LA BELLE WILMA, a wonderful Lady Artist in Sand and Brooch. PHIL RAY, Comedian.

GEORGE LEYTON, a new scene by Harrington and Scott, entitled "Each Arden." HELOISE TITCOMB, South American Singer. CARL REINOLD, Sporting Act with Horses and Dogs. HARMONY FOUR—Harmonious Harmonious Beings. TAYLOR'S ELEPHANTS, Human Beings. THE FREYDOS, Athletes and Hand Balancers. FIVE PUPPETS, Jugglers. WILMA REOS, in their Recent Acrobatic Act on CANADIAN BANKER. Aerial Somersault Loop on Bicycle.

Box-office now open. Private Boxes, 21s. and 5s. 6d.; Orchestra Balcony, 2s.; reserved, 1s. 6d.; reserved, 1s. 3d.; Gallery, 6d. Children half-price in all parts (except gallery) all performances.

THOMAS BARRASFOORD, Managing Director.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

QUEEN'S HALL. MONDAY NEXT, at 8, and FOLLOWING DAYS, at 3 and 8. TWO WEEKS ONLY.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND. RETURN OF THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN BAND. Under the Direction of PHILIP YORKE.

ENTIRELY NEW PROGRAMME. NEW NEW SUITES. NEW ENCORES, and THE SAME SOUSA.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND. Miss MAUD POWELL (Violonist) will PLAY: "Rondo Capriccioso".....Saint-Saens. MONDAY, Jan. 9, at 8.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND. Miss ESTELLE LEIBLING will SING: "Nightingale Air" from the Opera of Jeannette. MONDAY, Jan. 9, at 8.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND. Mr. HERBERT CLARK (Conductor) will PLAY: "Sons from the Hudson".....Clark. MONDAY, Jan. 9, at 8.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND. FIRST PERFORMANCES OF "New Music." "The Music of the King's Court." MONDAY, Jan. 9, at 8.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND. NO MATINEE SATURDAY, Jan. 21. Avoid crush at doors, buy your seats and tickets in advance at 6s. Gerrard-street, W. only. Reserved seats, 2s. and 5s., at all Libraries, Chappell's Book-office, Queen's Hall; and at Sousa's Offices, 6s. Gerrard-street, W. Telephone 7,323, Gerrard.

PHILIP YORKE, Managing Director.

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WORLD'S FAIR, ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON.—OPEN at 12.30 daily till February 4. Grand Ring Circus, Menagerie, Aerial Acts, and other attractions. SIXPENCE ADMISSION.

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"GREAT TSAR FORGIVE!"

Brave Stoessel's Pathetic Message of Despair to His Sovereign.

"WE MUST SURRENDER"

"Judge Us, but Be Merciful," Is the General's Prayer.

MEN ARE SHADOWS.

Great Sovereign, forgive.

We have done all that was humanly possible.

Judge us, but be merciful.

Eleven months of ceaseless fighting has exhausted our strength.

A quarter only of the defenders, and one-half of these invalids, occupy 27 forts of fortifications without support and without intervals for even the briefest repose.

The men are reduced to shadows.

With this pathetic appeal for forgiveness, General Stoessel concludes his last dispatch from Port Arthur.

It was sent a few hours before the surrender of the stronghold.

The full text of the dispatch is given in the following Teletype message from St. Petersburg, dated yesterday:—

General Stoessel, telegraphing on January 1, says:—Yesterday morning the Japanese fired mines resulting in tremendous explosions, under Fort No. 3, and immediately thereafter opened an infernal bombardment along the whole line.

A portion of the slender garrison of this fort perished beneath its ruins, the remnant succeeding in making their way out. After a two-hours' bombardment the Japanese assaulted the Chinese Wall, extending from No. 3 fort to Eagle's Nest fort. Two assaults were repulsed, our field artillery doing much damage to the Japanese.

It being impossible to maintain our hold of the Chinese Wall, I ordered our troops last night to retire upon the hills behind the wall, leaving our right flank on High Hill. The greater part of the eastern front is in the hands of the Japanese.

We will not be able to hold our new positions long, and when they fall we shall have to capitulate.

But everything is in the hands of God. We have suffered great losses. Two regimental commanders, Gandourine and Semenov, are wounded, the hero Gandourine very grievously. The commander of No. 3 fort, Captain Seredoff, perished in the explosion.

SAD ST. PETERSBURG.

Universal Sorrow at News That Could No Longer Be Concealed.

ST. PETERSBURG, Wednesday.—The public has been crushed and depressed throughout the day owing to its ignorance of the actual terms and circumstances of the surrender of Port Arthur.

The "Evening Gazette" appeared with details which served to dissipate the last doubts of the public as to the truth of the news.

In spite of the dreadful weather, crowds collected around the newspaper boys. People stopped to read the news under the street lamps in the melting snow, amid leaves fluttering from the trees and a high wind.

Sorrow was universal, but was silently repressed. The citizens, with fatalistic resignation, mechanically go about their ordinary business.

The theatres remained open, but the audiences were meagre. Sadness reigns, and the audiences depression and a certain uneasiness are visible.

NELSON OF THE NORTH.

Both Rojestsensky's and Fokersahm's divisions are off Madagascary.

The "Petit Parisien" St. Petersburg correspondent declares, according to the Exchange, that Admiral Rojestsensky is stated to have replied to the order of the Admiralty recalling the Baltic Fleet to the effect that he will act in the matter according to his own opinion.

He refuses to take orders from the Admiralty, being, he says, as General Kuropatkin is on land, in supreme command of the Russian naval forces.

RUSSIAN OFFICERS BREAK PAROLE.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—The captain and lieutenant of the Russian destroyer Rastoropi, who were taken prisoners on board the Nigretia, which was recently captured while endeavouring to make Vladivostok, have now confessed to their identity. Ever since their arrest they had posed as German supercargoes, but on being confronted with the results of the Japanese investigations in Shanghai they saw that further concealment was useless. They have now been formally declared prisoners of war.—Reuter.

HEROIC 10,000.

Port Arthur's Garrison Lay Down Arms To-day.

BRITISH TO THE RESCUE.

Dispatch of a Cruiser with Comforts for the Wounded.

Yesterday began the transfer of Russian war material at Port Arthur to the Japanese.

To-day will see 10,000 prisoners of war march sorrowfully out of the stronghold, and lay down their arms.

The remaining prisoners, who number 15,000, are sick and wounded, and so cannot march out.

One half of the civil population of 10,000 are also numbered among the sick and wounded.

This grim array of figures speaks more eloquently than any words of the sufferings and hardships endured by the brave defenders.

The 20,000 sick men are sorely in need of medical attendance and ordinary hospital comforts. For lack of lint the wounded have been bandaged with hemp, while thousands are suffering from scurvy and beri-beri.

The British at Wei-hai-wei were first to grasp the situation. Permission was hastily sought and obtained to dispatch the cruiser Andromeda to Port Arthur on an errand of mercy.

All night the work of loading stores went on, the sailors working as only British blue-jackets can. By morning eighty tons of stores, including 350 beds and 100,000lb. of provisions, had been rushed on board, and two surgeons and almost the entire hospital staff had embarked.

It was smart work, and its record makes a pleasant break in the monotony of horror and suffering which constitutes the history of the fall of Port Arthur.

WEI-HAI-WEI.

How British Tenacity Is Affected by the Fall of Port Arthur.

Now that Port Arthur has fallen, what is to become of Wei-hai-wei?

Yesterday the Chinese Minister, accompanied by Sir Halliday Macartney, had a long interview with Lord Lansdowne at the Foreign Office. It is believed that the subject under discussion was the British occupation of Wei-hai-wei.

Our lease of the port was granted by China in July, 1898, to last "as long as Port Arthur is held by the Russians."

When questioned in Parliament last session as to whether Wei-hai-wei would be handed over to China if Port Arthur was taken by the Japanese, Earl Percy replied that he could not undertake to answer "hypothetical questions."

Apparently the question has now been repeated in a categorical form by the Chinese Minister, and it will be interesting to know what reply was rendered.

KUROPATKIN BLAMED.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" states that in Ministerial circles the blame for the fall of Port Arthur is to some extent thrown upon General Kuropatkin.

In military circles it is considered that the situation on the Sha-ho is growing graver every day. Marshal Oyama has now been reinforced, and it is pointed out that General Kuropatkin will soon be forced to commence a decisive action, the issue of which the authorities confess is very doubtful.

AMENITIES ON THE SHA-HO.

GENERAL KUROKI'S HEADQUARTERS, Tuesday.—A remarkable episode occurred between the entrenchments of the two armies on New Year's Day, illustrating the absence of animosity between the combatants. Russian and Japanese officers met under red flags and spent the afternoon in friendly conversation. Each officer had an escort of two soldiers. The affair was entirely unofficial, and was the result of an exchange of notes between two junior officers.—Reuter.

The last number of the Port Arthur paper, the "Novi Krai," was issued on New Year's Day.

General Stoessel's army originally numbered 35,000 men. Eleven thousand have been killed.

The Tsar has cabled to General Stoessel informing him that the Russian officers are at liberty to choose between giving their parole and remaining prisoners.

The "Jiji Shimpo" says: "We ought to keep Port Arthur in our hands as long as our Empire exists. Port Arthur is the key to peace in the Far East. It is our duty to keep the key in our hands."

A movement has been started among the society women of Moscow to form a League of Russian and Japanese Women, the object of which is to bring the war to an end. The idea has been enthusiastically taken up in Tokio, and many Japanese ladies of rank have joined the League.

CRIMINALS' "WHO'S WHO."

Instructive Burglars' Guide Book Found by Austrian Police.

VIENNA, Tuesday.—From the extraordinary discovery of the police of the town of Zara, it appears that crime in Austria has attained a higher state of organisation than in any other country.

A burglar named Grien was seized by the police while entering the house of a wealthy merchant. On his person, in addition to the usual house-breaking implements, was found a small but handsomely-bound book.

The book, translated, proved to be nothing less than an admirably arranged "Who's Who" of all Austrian criminals of distinction. Their haunts, achievements and character were all noted, so that a rogue obliged to fly from one town could secure suitable mates in another.

On turning to the letter "G" the police found their captive, Grien, thus described: "Confines himself to burglary. Gao! three times. Audacious and skilled plotter, but given to nerves. A hero of the Ragusa jail case." The words "gao! three times" were pencilled through and the following substituted, "Wrong, five times."

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

Broken Knee-cap Abruptly Ends Her Tour in the United States.

Through an unfortunate accident to the brilliant actress, the remainder of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's tour in the United States has had to be cancelled.

A cable from Philadelphia states that as Mrs. Campbell was leaving her hotel on her way to the theatre on Tuesday night, to play in "The Sorceress," she slipped on the pavement and fell. She



Mrs. Patrick Campbell—(Ellis and Walery.)

was holding her favourite dog with one hand, and carried a book and muff in the other, and thus was unable to save herself from the full force of the fall.

One leg struck her waiting carriage, with the result that the knee-cap was fractured, and the actress is now a patient in the Pennsylvania Hospital. It is feared that she may be unable to walk or stand for at least some weeks.

MISS CORELLI BAFFLED.

The Famous Carnegie Library Opened in Spite of Her Opposition.

Notwithstanding the vigorous protests of Miss Marie Corelli and her outspoken denunciation of the donor, the Carnegie Free Library, near Shakespeare's birthplace, was formally opened yesterday, at Stratford-on-Avon.

Among other charges brought against Mr. Carnegie, it will be remembered that Miss Corelli accused him of having ordered Pinkerton's detectives to fire on strikers at Pittsburgh.

Mr. Thomas Graham, J.P., who was in Scotland with Mr. Carnegie at the time of these labour riots, now says that the millionaire was in no wise responsible for the firing, the absolute control of the works having been left to his partners during his absence.

It is further stated that Pinkerton's men were only brought in because the local police failed to keep order, and fired no shot till one of their own men was killed by the strikers.

Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Anthony Beaumont, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., has been appointed to succeed Admiral Sir Edward Hobart Seymour, G.C.B., as commander-in-chief of the Plymouth Station.

GREAT BLIZZARD

Sweeps Over the Continent and United States.

EXPRESS SNOWED UP.

While England is experiencing mild weather the Continent is in the grip of frost and snow. Exceptionally severe snowstorms have been experienced, especially on the Franco-Swiss and the Swiss-Italian frontiers.

Cables from New York, too, report that the United States has been swept by terrific blizzards.

ALPINE RIGOURS.

Smugglers Frozen to Death and Railway Train Held Up.

PARIS, Wednesday.—Nowhere has the intense cold on the Continent been felt more than on the borders of France and Switzerland and Switzerland and Italy.

While a band of Italian smugglers were trying to elude the Customs officers they were caught in a fearful blizzard and five of them were frozen to death. The remaining six are still missing.

The Lausanne-Paris express, which left Lausanne on Sunday night, had not arrived at its destination yesterday, in spite of the combined efforts of three locomotives.

It carried about fifty passengers, many of them being English and American.

After passing the greater part of the night in the freezing carriages, surrounded by snowdrifts, the passengers finally returned to Lausanne, and continued their journey to Paris via Geneva.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

M. Pierre Bietry, a French passenger, thus describes his experiences:—

It was eleven o'clock p.m., and we were then half an hour's journey off Lausanne, when, after several ineffectual attempts to get through the snow, the express came to a dead stop in an exposed position with fields on each side.

"A blinding wind was blowing fiercely, and the snow was so fine that it found its way into the carriages. The temperature in the carriages was 19 degrees Fahrenheit.

"After half an hour's efforts the driver uncoupled his engine and started back, but even without the carriages it could make no headway.

"It was four o'clock in the morning before another engine arrived from a town only ten miles off, and it was eight o'clock before the snowed-up train could be made to move.

"The little station of Croix was reached at nine o'clock, and at eleven o'clock the express, being unable to advance, started on its way back to Lausanne, which it finally reached at 1 p.m., fifteen hours after its departure."

Bietry is highly indignant at the treatment he and his fellow-sufferers received at the hands of the Swiss railway officials.

CALLOUS OFFICIALS.

Although they were half-perished by cold, hunger, and exhaustion, when they arrived at Lausanne the stationmaster refused to have anything to do with them, and it was only at four o'clock in the afternoon, after he had finished his luncheon, that this amiable functionary informed them that the line would probably be blocked on Monday night, and that they had better go to Paris via Geneva.

The crowning hardship and injustice was the confiscation of the tickets for the journey which they had been unable to accomplish, and before they could start for Paris they were obliged to pay over again.

BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK.

Snow Piled Five Feet High in the Streets of the City.

NEW YORK, Wednesday.—A gale which has been raging here has piled the snow in great drifts, impeding traffic generally. A number of streets are practically impassable.

Railway trains in all directions are much delayed, and the electric trams and elevated lines have been working with the greatest difficulty and with no regard to the timetables. The remarkable drop in the temperature has entailed much suffering.

In some instances passengers remained in the street cars all night rather than leave their shelter to face the blizzard. Some of the drifts reached a height of five feet, covering the basements and the entrances to houses on the east side of the streets.

In the northern part of New York State the drifts have reached a depth of ten feet. New England is also storm-bound.—Reuter.

AMERICAN TUG BLOWS UP.

The Pittsburg Towboat Company's tug Defender, while returning from Cincinnati to Pittsburg on Tuesday night, blew up at eleven o'clock, and then caught fire. Only twelve of the crew of twenty-eight have been accounted for (says a Reuter message from Huntington, West Virginia), and but two bodies have been recovered.

FORTUNE'S IRONY.

Triplets Arrive in an Out-of-Work's Poor Home.

STUDY IN MISERY.

An example of domestic poverty that may well stir the imagination and compel the sympathy of every Briton is the home, in a Bermondsey slum, of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deverson, to whom were born on New Year's Day triplets that still survive. In spite of their poor start in life the three babies—a boy and two girls—thrive wonderfully well.

But the pity of it, that such abject penury should be found in the metropolis of the wealthiest country in the world, which passed through the bankers' clearing house last year the colossal sum of £10,554,197,000!

The father of the triplets is a dock labourer, who has only been able for weeks to earn enough to pay the slender rent. At the best of times a day's work brings five shillings; but the triplets have come into the world at the worst of times, when nothing but odd jobs can be got.

The parents, the newly-born babies, and two other children live in a one-room home at Margold-place, Bermondsey. They had to throw themselves on the mercies of the parish of St. Crispin's, for the sustenance that stood between them and starvation, and the blanket and firing that alone could keep the three tiny newcomers alive.

Their sad case was brought to the notice of the *Daily Mirror*, and someone went to see what could be done.

Margold-place is a slum leading out of a slum. At Spa-road Station, which is but half a mile away, the small tradesmen and the passers-by had not even heard of it. The houses are tumble-down and dirty, bootless children play half-heartedly in the courtyard.

Sleeping in a Row.

Just under the roof of No. 8 Mrs. Deverson lay on a grimy bed (the poor have no change of bed-linen, it is washed when the occupants are at) the newly-born slept in a pathetic row at her side. She is a pretty woman still.

Down below in the courtyard the husband waited to tell his story. It was the old, old tale of the labourer who would work if he could, but could not find a hirer to prove his worth.

Odd jobs, no regularity, and—upstairs, the hand of nature hard upon him. His clothes, dull brown and musty with age, hung from thin shoulders. His whole demeanour was spiritless. His face showed the grip of starvation that slides, so to speak, into death without changing colour.

Deverson was a man as nearly done as could be. The parish were helping, yes—but it was work he wanted, work, work, or he felt he and his would starve.

Poor Man's Gratitude.

Then, without preamble—apparently Deverson did not expect it in the least—someone from the *Daily Mirror* gave him two sovereigns as a contribution from the paper to his great immediate need.

He did not speak. His hand closed on the money, and mechanically slid with it to his pocket. The muscles of his throat moved with a catch, his eyes brightened, the whole sunken face seemed to fill out.

He stood there for a moment, his soul started in sudden hope. Then, still without a word, he turned and went straight up the rickety stairway to the garret where his wife lay—to give her the news.

Without the exceptional facts that bring Deverson's case into prominence, more than 100,000 unemployed men have a similar story to tell; and meanwhile the evidences of our millions of money flow in increasing streams through the clearing house.

ONE-DAY SOLDIERS.

Increase of Deserters from the British Army Beats All Records.

For some time deserters have been breaking away from certain regiments of the British Army about as fast as recruits have been coming in.

The only official explanation is the obvious one—that there is something the men do not like; or, more explicitly, that they will not tolerate an unpopular officer.

For nearly a month an average of fourteen men per week have been disappearing from the Wiltshire Regiment at Borden. Many men desert the day after they enlist, and are never heard of again.

From Aldershot, Hounslow, Windsor, London, York, Canterbury, and Dublin men have been constantly failing to report themselves for duty, having, in the majority of cases, absconded.

Over the past three weeks a list of deserters issued to the police throughout England has broken all records. During December, 1903, the number of deserters was 128. During December, 1904, the total was 689—an enormous increase.

Police-men or civilians are paid 10s. for every deserter they reclaim; but recruiting sergeants, who could often put their hands upon the fugitives, get nothing.

BEAUTY AND THE BOOTH.

Marchioness at the Head of Lady Canvassers in Mile End.

A host of aristocratic women is shortly to dazzle the eyes, unaccustomed to the glance of high-born beauty, of the Mile End electors.

A formidable committee of ladies, headed by the Marchioness of Tweeddale, will make a thorough canvass of the constituency on behalf of the favoured Mr. Harry Lawson, the Conservative or—what is more to the point in Mile End—the anti-alien candidate.

Charles Fox himself, with the Duchess of Devonshire as his fair canvasser, was hardly more strongly supported by ladies than Mr. Lawson. More than two dozen of the gentler sex are even now on the political warpath, distributing cards and placing unanswerable arguments before the happy males of Mile End. They will be reinforced in a day or two by many more recruits whose titles and pedigrees are lovingly dwelt on in the pages of DeBrett.

Another feature of the contest is that Mile End will be flooded with motor-cars on the polling day. The Parliamentary candidate for Bow and Bromley, Mr. Arthur Du Cros, has promised to lend Mr. Lawson's committee a dozen cars, and with the twos and threes from other friends, there will be a procession such as no other election has yet seen.

Mr. Harry Lawson's candidature is becoming more and more popular. The yellow posters of a succession of victories won by the big loaf and the cry of dear sugar have raised the cry of "We want work and money to buy a loaf of any size, and bother the halpenny on sugar."

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Miss Edith Scobell, who is to be married to-day at St. Mary's Church, Bryanston-square, to—

GOLD IN A GARRET.

Woman Miser Dies in Misery with Untouched Hoard.

YEARS OF PENURY.

Amidst surroundings of the greatest squalor Ann Willis, an old charwoman, lived and died in New Writtle-street, Chelmsford.

Yet her room was lined with an abundance of wealth, the substance of a hoard which she had accumulated by years of self-deprivation. Evidence at the inquest yesterday showed that she had been a miser of an extraordinary type.

Since the death of her husband, years ago, the old woman had appeared to her neighbours to be just asking out existence by charring and laundry work. For some months, however, she had done little work, and continually complained of ill-health. She occupied a room—a sort of bed-sitting room, and for days at a time would see no one, nor let anyone enter her room, but would speak from behind the closed door to any callers.

At last, however, the door was opened, and lying by the bedside was Mrs. Willis in a dying condition. She was removed, but died almost at once. Her room was indescribably filthy, and she had evidently died of exhaustion due to starvation. She was covered with rags, and presented a most pitiable object.

Though the old woman had kept her secret well,



—Capt. the Hon. Alfred Maitland, Cameron Highlanders, the son of the Earl of Lauderdale.

MME. BELLE COLE ILL.

Little Hope Entertained of the Recovery of the Distinguished Singer.

Mme. Belle Cole, the distinguished operatic singer, is seriously ill, and it was stated last night that there is very little hope of her recovery.

She has been suffering for seven weeks from diabetes, and had to give up her tour in the north and return to London.

Born among the Chautauqua Hills, of New York State, at twelve years of age Belle was earning half a crown a week for singing in the choir.

At fourteen years of age she was music-teacher to a class of sixty children.

In Queen Victoria's first Jubilee year Mme. Cole came to England, and mainly on the advice of the late Sir Joseph Barnby made England her home.

Much of Mme. Belle Cole's world-wide success has been due to her personal magnetism. "People want to listen to a woman, not to a statue," is one of her favourite sayings.

"UNREMUNERATIVE."

In a portly volume of nearly 300 pages is comprised the proceedings of the London County Council for the year ended March 31, 1904.

An appendix shows the capital expenditure of the Council during its life of fifteen years to have been £23,784,355, slightly over a million and a half per annum. Of this sum £18,736,964 is classed as "unremunerative," and £5,047,391 as "remunerative."

Some idea of the increase in expenditure may be gained from the fact that whereas £3,389,400 sufficed to cover the capital expenditure in the five years from 1859 to 1864, the expenditure on similar works last year alone was £3,333,361.

Mr. H. M. Steinthal, a well-known Manchester commercial man, died at Scarborough yesterday, in his eighty-fourth year.

INCOMPLETE ROMANCE.

Lonely Bachelor Tired of Solitude and Seeking a Mate.

Here is the raw material of a romance. Does any feminine reader wish to turn it into the finished article?

Under the heading, "Is single life a success," a letter from a "woman of forty" appeared in last Saturday's *Daily Mirror*. The writer states that she had kept single on purpose, but was now convinced that single life was a failure, and wished "she had given marriage a trial."

The plant of this fair correspondent struck a sympathetic chord in the breast of a male reader. Two days later a letter reached the *Daily Mirror* office with an enclosure addressed to "A Single Woman of Forty, Cheshunt." The enclosure was forwarded to our correspondent, and yesterday we received the following:—

Sir,—The letter you forwarded to me came from a Midland town, and ran as follows (I have merely taken out those parts which might lead to the writer's identification and cause him pain):—

Madam (Dr),—I noticed your letter in the *Daily Mirror*—"Is Single Life a Success?" I am bound to say, like you, that it is not. I, like yourself, have kept single for many reasons, and now, on the verge of forty, I am beginning to feel life a little lonely. I don't know what readers you give for even not having married, but I will give you mine. When a youth in my teens I vowed to remain single. The chief reason was to be able to live with my widowed mother and look after her. I don't mean to keep her, because she had plenty to get every comfort needed in this life. I stayed with her for company and to look after her home comforts generally at that time. Now I am all alone and need the comfort of a wife. I am a — by profession. I shall esteem it a favour if you would arrange for us to have an interview. Please give me the fullest particulars of yourself—height, colour, and occupation (if any)—also any particulars you would like me to know, and, if possible, enclose a photograph, and I will send one in return.—I am, yours truly, X.

My object in forwarding this effusion is simply to show the truth of what I said in my letter. Here is a bachelor who finds single life so destitute of charm that he is willing to marry even an entire stranger. I cannot, of course, with any self-respect follow up a correspondence with a person I have never seen or heard of before. But does it not show that the boasted attractions of single life are merely imaginary?—Yours, etc.,

A WOMAN OF FORTY.

Will any other reader take pity on "X's" loneliness?

WAIL OF THE CELIBATE.

Bachelor Schoolmasters Plead That Statesmen Should "Think Biologically."

The sad fate of the assistant-teacher under School Boards, condemned, as he is, to a life of celibacy, was sympathetically dealt with at the annual conference of the Incorporated Association of Assistant Masters in Secondary Schools, held in London yesterday.

Mr. G. F. Daniell, of Mercers' School, stated that in a recent scheme for one of our greatest public schools the proviso was made that all thirty-two house-masters, with six possible exceptions, should "be bachelors or live as such."

In many schools marriage was practically prohibited by the smallness of the salaries, and he was sure that if our statesmen could be made to think biologically, they would see the folly of sterilising one of the more intellectual sections of the community.

WOULD YOU BE A PRINCE?

Unexampled Opportunity for a Rich Man To Enter a Royal House.

An offer to millionaires and others, the genuineness of which is almost beyond dispute, appears in the current issue of "Vanity Fair."

It was contained in a letter to the editor, who suppresses the name of the writer, while printing the following details:—

A Prince of a Royal House of Europe, who is seventy-two years of age, desires to adopt a son, with the object of his adopted son taking his name and titles before and after his death.

Of course, the Prince desires a large sum of money down in the way of purchasing his titles.

A careful study of the pages of the Almanac de Gotha makes it nearly certain that the offer comes from an Austrian royal personage, who wishes thus to fill his empty coffers and empty home.

TWO-THIRDS OF LIFE IN GAOL.

Sentence of six months' imprisonment for house-breaking was passed at Preston Sessions yesterday upon Thomas Barnes, aged sixty, who has undergone no less than forty-one years' penal servitude.

FRIEND OF THE LATE QUEEN DEAD

Miss Elinor Clarke, who was a personal friend of Queen Victoria, died yesterday, at Filey, near Scarborough.

When the Yorkshire Imperial Yeomanry went to South Africa, Miss Clarke provided them with a Maxim-gun and warm clothing.

MR. BECK'S £5,000.

He Accepts the Treasury Compensation for False Imprisonment.

HIS MONEY LOSS £36,100.**MR. ADOLF BECK'S BALANCE-SHEET.**
In account with the British Government.

Dr.	Cr.
To losses as the result of false imprisonment	By draft from Treasury
£41,100	Balance, charged to profit and loss
Total	Total

Mr. Adolf Beck, the innocent victim of two convictions and seven years' imprisonment, has accepted the £5,000 cheque he received from the Treasury as compensation for his sufferings.

He would have been better pleased, he says, if the amount had been £15,000.

"But," he added, "what can I do to enforce my claim? I have no army. I have no navy. I cannot make war against the British Government."

"My direct losses altogether are between £40,000 and £50,000."

"Through my imprisonment I lost at least £30,000 in connection with my copper business at Norway. Now copper is going down I cannot do anything with it."

"In my West Australian and African dealings I lost at least £12,000."

In 1895 I was offered £5,000 for my patent lock-out. But four weeks afterwards I was arrested, and the negotiations consequently fell through."

On second thoughts, Mr. Beck said he might take steps to have his case brought before Parliament, with a view to obtaining more adequate solatium. But on that matter he would take special legal advice.

The following is a categorical statement of Mr. Beck's losses, furnished by himself. Besides loss of money, there is also the loss of health and reputation he suffered.

Norwegian copper property, bought by me in 1889, upon which £9,000 was spent by me, and due to copper falling in price I held over until an improvement in the market, which took place during 1898, copper going up from £40 to £80 per ton. At that time I could have sold in Norway for at least £40,000. At present time the property is only worth £15,000	Loss	£35,000
In 1885, the year of my arrest, I held 1,000 shares, Hamman's Main Reef, Western Australia. These then stood at 10s. They went up to over 18s. during the next few months. I had to sell at the lower price to pay lawyers' fees for defence and outstanding debts	Loss	1,400
Mining business in South Africa and Railways in Canada	Loss	13,000
Lock-out Patent. Offered £3,000 four weeks before arrest in December, 1896, for my share, but refused, as I believed I should get more—at least £5,000. On coming out of prison I only got £500 for this.	Loss	2,500
Total		£41,100

Bronchitis contracted in Portland, medical certificate now gives as chronic, and necessitating constant medical attention.

Loss of nine of the best years of my life for business matters, as even when released on ticket-of-leave I was branded as a convict, and no one would do business with me.

Interviewed by the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, Mr. George R. Sims, whose powerful advocacy of the martyr's case in the columns of the "Daily Mail" did so much to cause a modicum of justice to be meted out to him, declined to be drawn into the expression of any opinion as to the size of the Treasury cheque.

"But I do not know," facetiously remarked "Dagonet," "whether I wouldn't do six months for the same sum, and turn my experiences into 'copy.'"

RECORDER'S VIEWS.

Addressing the Grand Jury at Leicester Quarter Sessions, the Recorder (Mr. Marston Buzard) referred to the Beck case as a fearful miscarriage of justice, and said the time had certainly arrived when there should be a public court of appeal.

THINNEST WATCHES

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The Cheapest Shop for Watches and

Clocks in the World.

UNROMANTIC L.C.C.

Thames Steamers To Have No Poetic Names, Only Plain Numbers.

The London County Council's fleet of thirty Thames steamers is rapidly coming into being, and there is little doubt that the boats will be ready by the end of May.

The new boats will differ very little from the old "penny steamers." They will have the same aggressive funnel stuck like a Christmas candle in the centre of the boat, and the old-fashioned crown of the boiler will again be found protruding like a hump from the deck.

Many people will no doubt be disappointed to find that in the new fleet the old and familiar names of Lily, Rose, and Shamrock will have disappeared.

Instead the steamers will simply be distinguished by numbers running from one to thirty.

ROBBING A SLATE CLUB.

Defaulting Secretary Returns to Receive His Punishment.

A defaulting slate club secretary, named Thomas Snelgrove, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the Worship-street magistrate yesterday. Snelgrove had been paid secretary of the Lion Slate Club, held at the Lion and Lamb, Aske-street, Hoxton, for fifteen years. An audit of the accounts on December 10 showed that £215 19s. 7d.

MISS ISABEL JAY,

The well-known singer and actress of the old Savoy Opera, who is to sing before the Kings of the East-west. (Billis and Walery.)

was due to the members, but Snelgrove had only £74 in hand to meet the claims. Subsequently he disappeared, and the members had to be content with a composition of 7s. 3d. in the pound.

Surrendering himself to the police at the beginning of this week, Snelgrove said he had to borrow money to get back to London. He pleaded to the magistrate for leniency on the ground of domestic misfortunes.

Mr. Cluer, in passing sentence, said society would be impossible if people could not trust a man who had worked honestly for them for fifteen years.

BRUTAL MACEDONIAN GIPSY.

For brutally beating and kicking a horse, Gotzo Poshade, one of the Macedonian gypsies now camped again on Tower Hill, was sentenced to six weeks' hard labour by the Thames magistrate yesterday.

In the dock the man adopted a miserable attitude of supplication, but struggled wildly when removed to the cells. It was stated that after his arrest, at the instance of an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A., he threw himself on the floor of the police station and kicked madly for more than an hour.

FRIGHTENING A LOVER.

After a tiff with her sweetheart an Exmouth girl, named Mary Cody, aged seventeen, waited until he was out of sight and then tied a handkerchief round her neck and suspended herself from the top rail of a stile. A young man returning from church discovered her, and she was cut down.

"I did it to frighten him," was the girl's defence at Devonshire Quarter Assizes yesterday, and the jury acquitted her.

The British residents of Tangier have addressed a petition to Lord Lansdowne, asking him to take measures against the insecurity of life and property owing to the anarchy in Morocco.

ARMY OF TRAMPS.

Attracted to London by the Mansion House Fund.

NORTH ROAD INTERVIEWS.

London is being invaded by a tatterdemalion army of tramps of both sexes, attracted by the Mansion House Fund for the unemployed. They are hastening from all points of the compass, cherishing indistinct visions of comparative wealth.

The pathos of the situation is that the tramps have a rude awakening in store for them. They are deluded into forgetting that the Mansion House Fund of £25,000 is exclusively for the London poor, with specified residential qualifications.

All along the Great North Road the books of the workhouses show an increase of thirty-five per cent. over the numbers of tramps coming Londonwards in previous years. In one week 134 tramps passed through the Barnet casual ward, but this does not give one half of the tramps who came into London during that period.

The workhouses have been giving scant encouragement to tramps. In return for a night's lodging and dry bread with a little hot water, the tramp is obliged to break up 1cwt. of stone or pick 4lb. of oakum.

Must Walk Ten Miles.

This task would generally last till noon. Then the tramps must walk at least ten miles to the next casual ward and go through a similar course. They are not allowed to enter the house until 4 p.m.

In some parishes, like Barnet, the tramps go direct to the workhouse; and in others, like Welwyn, near Hitchin, they have to muster at the police station about 3.30 to get tickets. At four o'clock the human derelicts toil slowly up the steep hill which leads to the cheerless-looking building, where they are to lodge for the night.

In busy times, like the present season, there is not sufficient room in the workhouse, and the surplus tramps at Welwyn are placed in a lodging-house near the police-station, playfully named "The Tavern."

As already indicated, the men and women who are steadily marching on London have buoyed themselves up with the belief that £25,000 is to be given away in London, and they want to get some of it.

All the Way from Dundee.

The *Daily Mirror* went out yesterday on a De Dion motor-car, and talked with several of the invaders.

A meagre, thinly-clad Scotsman said he had tramped from Dundee, a distance of nearly 500 miles, and hoped to get enough money in London to pay his fare back. He had worked in the jute mills.

There were, he said, a number of tramps along the road south of York, and they were having a hard time at the workhouses.

A salty, weather-beaten, white-haired old derelict said that he had walked up from Hull and had managed to get a few coppers in the towns he passed through by spinning yarns of his early adventures in the China Seas.

For some years the old man had been employed as a ship-keeper, but was getting too old for the job, and the only thing he could do was to tramp along the road.

London Their Only Hops.

Four men, accompanied by two women and four children, said they were from Newcastle. They looked tired, hungry, and wretched.

London seemed to be their only hope in life. They had left Newcastle two weeks when the news of the large sums of money being collected in the big city reached them.

A batch of half a dozen men walked along the road towards Barnet quite cheerfully. They appeared well fed, wore patched suits of corduroys, and smoked their pipes. These healthy-looking tramps seemed to enjoy the fresh air and the picturesque landscape.

Evidently they had not partaken of the workhouse bread and hot water hospitality.

In addition to the North Road, the tramps are coming in from the south, east, and west in a steady stream.

The route of the tramps is marked outside the towns by cast-off garments, which have been discarded in favour of gifts received from charitable persons. Near each workhouse there are signs which indicate the treatment which may be expected inside.

FED BY NEWSPAPERS.

A great deal of work is being done by the leading London newspapers to alleviate the present distress.

Particularly striking is the kindly activity of the "Daily Express." The "Express" discovered that in the great suburb of Tottenham destitution was prevalent to a pitiable extent.

The "Express," therefore, placed Tottenham's painful position clearly before its readers, who responded to the call with such alacrity that since Thursday last, when the fund was opened, they had rescued from starvation no fewer than 25,000 persons.

THREE DAYS' MAN-HUNT.

Thirty Pursuers Find Their Match in an Alien of Vast Strength.

After a chase lasting nearly three days Heinrich Petersen, who is alleged to have stolen £30 from his employer at Waltham Abbey, has been captured in Princes-street, under the walls of the Bank of England.

Yesterday he was charged at Waltham Cross and remanded till next Tuesday.

Petersen is a young Swede, who for three weeks has been in the employment of a fellow-countryman, a florist, at Waltham Abbey. On Sunday Inspector Jones, of the Waltham police, arrested him on a charge of theft from the florist.

Close to old Waltham Abbey the prisoner broke away, and, leaving a high fence, ran across some fields. Very quickly he out-distanced his thirty odd pursuers, for he is a man of exceptionally fine physique and extraordinary strength. He is only 5ft. 6in. in height, but has a chest and limbs of great grit, while his muscles are like iron.

In the dusk, while his pursuers were slowly "beating" a thicket which they had seen him enter, he slipped away on the other side.

The police were baffled, but next morning they heard that a stranger in a long, plum-coloured coat and cap, and brown gaiters, had been seen at Sawbridgeworth at ten o'clock the previous night. Hot in pursuit, they traced the man to Broxbourne, only to learn that he had taken a ticket for London.

There was an exciting scene then late on Tuesday night seven policemen and the fugitive—sometimes known as Julius Gutler—to earth in the City. He fought wildly, and his captors had to strap him down to a stretcher before the police station was reached.

So the Waltham police, who had never relaxed the pursuit, triumphantly took back the "flying" Swede.

JEWELLERS IN A PANIC.

Series of Daring Burglaries Causing Great Alarm Among Shopowners.

So many successful burglaries have been carried out at Birmingham jewellers' recently that the reports made yesterday of two more have filled the proprietors of such shops with great alarm.

Scaling a wall abutting on the canal, thieves entered the premises of Messrs. Martin Hall and Co., of Ludgate-hill, by breaking a window. They got away with a great haul of valuable property, including 300 ounces of sheet silver and a quantity of silver spoons.

Burglars were also found during the night on the premises of Pascall's music shop at Spring Hill. They had a desperate fight with the police, and succeeded in getting away with the handcuffs on their wrists.

Early yesterday a most determined attempt was made by daring burglars to rifle the premises of Messrs. A. Cohen, furriers and drapers, White-chapel-road, E. Had not the thieves been disturbed they would have undoubtedly secured many valuable skins.

FIREMEN SPOIL A PARTY.

Alarm of Fire Interrupts Birthday Celebrations in a Flat.

An actress, named Milly Hammond, who stated that she had managed a theatre, described at Bow-street yesterday how on one occasion a birthday party at her flat in Morgan House, Long-acre, was interrupted.

At half-past one in the morning, while the festivities were in progress, a policeman entered and said he thought her chimney was on fire. There was only a very small fire in the grate, but shortly afterwards a fire-engine came dashing up and three firemen entered her flat, but there was nothing for them to do.

It is alleged that Mrs. Hammond and a man named John Strangeways have conducted the flat in an improper manner. The charge is denied, but the magistrate adjourned the case, allowing bail.

"This flat business," said Sir Albert de Rutzen, in another case, in which the occupants of a flat were fined £20, "is a comparatively new thing, and in Long-acre appears to have been carried on in a wholesale fashion."

BRIDGE SCORER.

Neat and daintily made, with full values of cards and rules of game cut back. A boon to Bridge lovers. Over 100 sheets in each. Five for 1s. 9d., post free.

CLUPS SUPPLIED BY THE GROSS.

BRIDGE SCORER.

DIXON and HUNTING (Ld.), 150, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

"WHITE-WOMAN MASTER."

Englishwoman's Remarkable Travels in the Congo State.

PENETRATES THE "UNKNOWN."

Mrs. French Sheldon, who has just returned from one of the most remarkable and successful journeys through the wildest districts of the Congo ever undertaken, recounted some of her experiences in an interview with the *Daily Mirror*, yesterday.

During fourteen months she has travelled through the length and breadth of the Congo State, being made free of the country by the King of the Belgians.

Among a people who are accustomed to treat their women as mere chattels she was held in the utmost respect, enjoying all the privileges which would have been granted to a white man; indeed, a man would not have been allowed to visit among the children as she did. The natives called her Bibi Banna Pemba, which means "white-woman master," and sometimes Bibi Bala Materi, a name given to all officials of State, and which means "rock-breaker."

Waist-Deep Through Swamps.

Attended only by native bearers she travelled many hundreds of miles, marching through swampy districts, the water often waist-deep, not resting a single day. Yet she was never attacked by fever or any of the ills which form such a danger to travellers in Africa.

On one occasion during the night, when all the bearers were asleep, Mrs. Sheldon heard, as she thought, the pattering of rain on her tent. Putting her head between the mosquito curtains she found that the supposed rain was an enormous "cara-

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

Slipping on a piece of lead pencil a child at Nottingham has fractured her thigh.

Among seven cases of smallpox at Burnley is a man seventy years of age.

Having fallen 50ft. from a scaffold in the Mile End-road, Arthur Amers is lying at the London Hospital in a critical condition.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, who met with an accident in the hunting field, was reported yesterday to be progressing satisfactorily.

Mr. Edward Heron Allen has given £1,000 to found the Jessie Alice Palmer bed at the British Home and Hospital for Incurables at Streatham.

EXPENSIVE DELAY.

Considerable dissatisfaction is felt at Westminster over the delay of the L.C.C. in carrying out the Millbank Embankment.

Over a hundred houses were emptied of their occupants three years ago for the purpose of the improvement, and as these have remained unoccupied since it has increased the rate 3d. in the pound.

WHISTLE HEARD TWO MILES OFF.

While patrolling his beat near the river at Dunston, a policeman slipped into the Tyne from a greasy plank.

Numbbed by the coldness of the water he was unable to climb the bank, and remained immersed for over an hour, till his whistle attracted the attention of a constable two miles away.

£100,000 MARINE DRIVE.

Already £82,700 has been borrowed by the Scarborough Corporation for the new marine drive, round Lofto Castle Hill, which the Prince of Wales is to open this summer.

Yesterday it was announced that a further £17,500 is required to complete the work, which is to connect the north and south bays.

FROM BOARD SCHOOL TO UNIVERSITY.

It was announced yesterday that the governors of the Scarborough United Scholarship Foundation will offer in June an exhibition for competition among all boys who have passed through the elementary schools.

This exhibition will be of sufficient value to pay fees and maintenance at any British university.

MISTLETOE'S BRIEF REIGN.

Gradually the old custom of leaving the holly and mistletoe to hang until Twelfth Night is disappearing from London homes.

State evergreens are now held to be unhealthy. This may account for the fact that carts and barrows were to be seen at most West End houses yesterday removing the Yuletide decorations.

GOOD FOR A BEGINNER.

Having for the first time in his life become intoxicated, on New Year's Day, John Pencott, of Gateshead, was charged with six offences at Newcastle yesterday.

Three of the charges were for assault, and one for firing a gun at a caravan.

In consideration of his previous good character a fine of 20s. only was imposed.

ADVENTURERS' CLUB.

Mr. Roger Pocock, the well-known author and frontiersman, is organising a club for scouts, cowboys, whalers, war correspondents, and other adventurers.

In connection with this club will be formed a corps of guides, whose services, it is thought, will be useful to the State in times of trouble by reason of their knowledge of distant lands and undefined boundaries.

RELIC OF AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

"Depression does not constitute insanity," said the Manchester coroner, rebuking a jury who had returned a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane.

"There is no reason for finding such a verdict," he continued, "which is a relic of an old superstition from the time when it was the duty of the coroner's officer to drive a stake through the body of a suicide at four cross-roads."

TALE OF A SHIRT.

"Let me have a look at it," said a Bristol policeman, to a woman who assured him she had "only the baby" concealed beneath her cloak.

On investigation the "baby" proved to be a roll of shirting, value 10s., stolen from a local hostess.

"If you let me go I'll make you a shirt," the woman then pleaded.

But the policeman, declining the bribe, arrested the woman, who has been sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

NEW VARIETY OF BEEF.

Considerable excitement has been caused at Newcastle cattle market by the arrival of two new animals for sale as beef.

Specially bred by Mr. Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, these beasts are a cross of North American bison and Highland cattle.

In appearance they resemble their American ancestors, being very wild and fierce, and the meat they yield is said to be richer than ordinary beef, while of better quality than pure bison.

The Rev. R. A. Armstrong, a well-known Unitarian minister, died at Liverpool yesterday.

Not a single death was registered in the parish of Bulkington, Warwickshire, during December, whilst the birth-rate was 60.1.

Mr. Robert Gudgeon Shepherd, stated to be the oldest town clerk in England, died at Bolton yesterday in his seventy-seventh year.

It has been calculated that 150 innocent men and women are annually imprisoned in England for an average of eight weeks.

Owing to a train at the Bank Station becoming derailed, trains on the "Tube" were only running between the British Museum and Shepherd's Bush yesterday morning.

RAILWAY ROPE-WORKER.

After fifty years of railway work, foreman plate-layer C. Too, of the G.E. Railway, has just resigned.

He is one of the few survivors of the workmen on the old Blackwall and London Railway, which in the first instance was worked by ropes.

FREE LIBRARY AS SCHOOL.

Stepney Borough Council have assigned a room in each of the local free libraries for the use of school children.

The children bring their home-lessons and exercises to the rooms, where they can work under comfortable conditions.

POISONED BY A FLOWER-POT.

Banging the door brought down a flower-pot on the head of Mrs. Thornton, of Rotherham, who received a slight cut on the head.

At the inquest held on her body it was stated that blood-poisoning from this wound was the cause of death.

BRIGHTON MOTOR RACES.

Arrangements have now been concluded by the Brighton authorities for the automobile races to be held there this year.

It is expected that the level run from the Aquarium to Kemp Town will make the finest track in the world for the standing mile and flying kilometre.

POETS, BEWARE.

Genius is a form of insanity, says Dr. Nordau, but it has been left to a Bangor physician to hold poetry a sign of intoxication.

Asked to certify a man's drunkenness at Bethesda, this doctor gave as one of the signs the fact that the man began to compose a poem in the surgery.

MUST NOT SWEAR IN BED.

Charged at Crewe with using profane language, Ralph Bebbington urged in excuse that he was at home and in bed at the time.

Although the police admitted the truth of this statement, the mayor held that his surroundings made no difference to his offence, and fined Bebbington five shillings and costs.

BELFAST SHIPBUILDERS BUSY.

After five months' spell of enforced slackness, Belfast shipbuilding trade prospects are beginning to brighten up.

One well-known firm have started forty additional pattern makers, and over 300 extra engineers and some 600 labourers will be subsequently taken on.

WHAT DOES CANADA THINK?

"Canada wants immigrants," runs the legend, and our magistracy hearken to the cry.

It having been stated that he was unfit for both Army and Navy, Alfred Smith, aged fifteen, charged with a number of petty thefts, has been exported to Canada by the magistrates of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

SNAKE AT A FRUITERER'S.

Quite a panic arose in a fruiterer's shop at Newcastle when a snake, five feet long, was seen lying near some bananas from the West Indies.

Fortunately the snake, stated by a naturalist to be poisonous, was in a torpid condition through having dined "not wisely but too well," and was removed without any accident.

LINE STREWEN WITH PEDLAR'S STOCK.

Yesterday morning some platelayers discovered on the railway at Penwortham, Lancashire, the mutilated body of James Shepherd, a Southport pedlar.

Shepherd had evidently been killed by a passing train, for his pack, containing draperies, was broken open and its contents strewn over a mile of the line.

"BOLD BUCCLEUCH."

There is much excitement at Glasgow over the political reappearance of the veteran Duke of Buccleuch, who is to preside next week at the gathering in honour of Mr. Balfour.

His Grace, who is seventy-four years of age, was at one time a notable figure in Scottish politics, but he is said never to have recovered from the blow of his Parliamentary defeat, when Earl of Dalkeith, by Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

£200,000 FOR HOSPITALS.

Lord Mount Stephen, who has given securities representing this enormous amount to King Edward's Hospital Fund, is a Canadian millionaire who began his career as a herd-boy. His "magnificent donation," to use the King's description of it, will produce an annual income of some £21,000 for the Fund. Lord Mount Stephen, it is plain, is a true believer in the blessedness of giving, for some time ago he distributed over half a million of money amongst his relatives, saying that he would rather see them enjoying it at once, instead of waiting until after his death. Another example of his munificence is the hospital at Montreal which he built in conjunction with Lord Strathcona. Together they found £200,000 for the building, and £100,000 for its maintenance.

THE 'NEW FLEETS.'

In addition to the mighty fleets which guard British interest in all the seas of the world, fifty-four additional ships have just been commissioned at Portsmouth. They are to be ready to proceed at once to any quarter of the globe should occasion arise. Meaning that they are manned with nucleus crews of two-fifths of their total complement, including all the more expert ratings. Each vessel has its captain, lieutenants, and engineers, who will be responsible for keeping the ship in fighting trim. The scene at the great dockyard when the crews of the newly-commissioned ships went on board was an animated though orderly one. An idea of the scene can be gained from the photo on page 9.

A FLEET FOR SALE.

As a result of the reorganisation of the Navy under Admiral Sir John Fisher's great scheme, a large number of the obsolete warships, which now encumber the dockyards, are to be sold—about 100 in all, of all sizes and descriptions. A great many out-of-date warships have been sold of late, and the supply appears to exceed the demand, so it is probable they will be sold a few at a time—more especially as there is just a possibility that if a considerable number were put upon the market one or two might find their way into the hands of Russia. The photograph on page 9 shows a number of these condemned vessels set aside to be sold out of the service. The Melampus, which is among them, was the first important command held by the Prince of Wales.

WHY THERE ARE NO BRITISH SEAMEN.

The disappearance of the British seaman is one of the most discouraging facts in the labour problem to-day. The kind of seamen who now man our mercantile marine will be seen in the photograph on page 8 of men waiting for a ship near the dock gates. It is a motley group of Chinese, Lascars, Arabs, and negroes, who will do the work that used to be done by the men who gave Britain her maritime supremacy. They work for less wages, and are content with food and quarters at which an Englishman would revolt; so they find the employment our own countrymen look for in vain.

ROYAL TOURISTS.

We give a photograph on page 8 of the fine "county" cruiser Essex, in which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have just commenced a trip to the Mediterranean, as well as a picture of the royal tourists embarking at Portsmouth. The journey will extend as far as Egypt, and the first call was made at Brest, where the French battleship Massena put out to welcome the royal visitors yesterday, on the Essex coming to an anchor in the roadstead.

A CURIOUS "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

One of the few pleasant features of a sanguinary war has been the high appreciation the Japanese and Russians have evinced for each other's valour and chivalry. This admirable spirit has evidently extended far beyond the ranks of the contending armies, for the fall of Port Arthur led to an interesting fraternisation between the Russian and Japanese performers now at the Crystal Palace. The two troupes had a ceremonial tea-drinking together, toasting each other with the greatest cordiality. Finally, they were photographed together, as may be seen on page 1.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The library presented to Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. Andrew Carnegie was opened yesterday by the mayor, Mr. G. M. Bird. It will be remembered that the erection of the library on the proposed site was hotly opposed by Miss Marie Corelli, the well-known authoress, who lives at Mason Croft, in the famous town, and has taken its traditions particularly under her protection. She came into collision with the town council on the subject, but the library is now complete, as is shown in the picture on page 8. An amusing incident of the controversy was her libel action against Mr. Fred. Winter, one of the councillors, who said that, "if the library had been going to bear the name of Corelli, instead of that of Carnegie, she would have supported the scheme." She was awarded one farthing damages, which was duly paid.



Mrs. French Sheldon.

van" of ants, thousands upon thousands of which had invaded her tent, and were now crawling into the bed. They took complete possession of the unfortunate traveller, getting into her hair in a most uncomfortable way, and it was a work of the greatest difficulty to remove them.

On another occasion, as she was sitting near a window in a village dwelling, a wild cat, or leopard-cat, jumped in and became entangled in her hair. Mrs. Sheldon succeeded in shooting its tail off, but before she could fire another and more effective shot the intruder had disappeared.

An unfortunate accident shortened the brave lady's journeyings by the space of two months. She was crossing some rapids when she slipped on a loose stone, which resulted in such severe injuries that she was compelled to abandon that day's undertaking, and finally to return to England.

Mrs. Sheldon has succeeded in doing more than any man has yet done, for she has penetrated into the remotest corners of the country, has journeyed further, and learned more of the natives than any other traveller.

JUNGLE DINNERS.

"Jungle dinners" are the newest thing in American entertainments.

The idea comes from New York, and the originator is Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, a leader of American society.

Jungle dinners are quite harmless affairs: there are no snakes, lions, or tigers to frighten the guest. The walls of the banqueting hall in Mrs. Fish's mansion in Madison-avenue formed the background for the jungle. Tropical plants, flowers, and trees had been brought from all parts to create the illusion, and the guests found their way to the dinner tables through dense thickets of orange trees and date palms and groves of cocoa-nut and banana trees.

This is the latest of many novel ideas with which Mrs. Fish has amused her guests.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1905.

NOT TOO GENEROUS, BUT—

FIVE thousand pounds may not seem a very large sum to offer to a man who has been twice wrongfully convicted and undergone a sentence of seven years' penal servitude. Yet we cannot think that Mr. Adolf Beck would be justified in expecting more than this from the Treasury purse. Legally he has no claim upon it whatever. He was tried according to the system which prevails in this country, and no provision has ever been made by the British Constitution for compensating victims of miscarriages of justice. That we regard as a blot upon the Constitution. Still, there it is; and, that being so, Mr. Beck would be well-advised to accept the £5,000. It is as much as has ever been given. Only once before, indeed, has so much been awarded. Should he reject this amended offer, we fear he will get nothing at all.

The previous proposal to give him £2,000 was obviously inadequate. Public opinion expressed itself in that sense very clearly indeed, and it is due to the voicing of that opinion in the newspapers that the Treasury have increased the amount. But we do not fancy that Mr. Beck would find the public so ready to endorse his action if he still held out for more. Much more sympathy would be extended to him if he were to represent to Parliament that it is an inexcusable insult to "pardon" a man for a crime he never committed. That illogical and indefensible formality could easily be altered.

ON THE WRONG TACK.

No issue of a magazine is now complete without at least one article on "What to eat, drink, and avoid," or "The advantages of a Brazil nut diet," or

How to be healthy and wealthy and wise
By living on peas and potato pies.

The number of people who want to talk about their food and how it affects them increases every day.

Take up the "National Review" for this month and you will find, sure enough, a dissertation by the Hon. Neville Lytton, called "A Coming Revolution in Diet"—no, we beg Mr. Lytton's pardon, "The Coming Revolution." He not only foresees that we shall shortly alter our feeding habits, but he knows exactly in what direction the change will be made.

Tea and meat, he says—these are the enemies. Avoid tea and meat (and most other things) and you will be quite well. He does not mean tea and meat together. Everyone knows they do not mix well. Mr. Lytton would have us forswear them separately and altogether. The man or woman who would be healthy, he declares, must suspend all relations with his butcher and sternly decline to allow the "cup which cheers" within his walls.

One would think from Mr. Lytton's article that we all had one foot in the grave. He evidently imagines that ninety-nine out of every hundred people crawl about 'twixt earth and heaven wishing they were dead. That is his great mistake. A number of us who live in cities do suffer, it is true, from various ailments connected with our digestive organs. In the mass, however, we are anything but a collection of dyspeptics.

The real remedy for sufferers from indigestion, or uric acid, or whatever we like to call it, is air and exercise. If you have plenty of oxygen passing into your lungs and keep all your muscles in good training, you can eat, if you are an ordinarily healthy person, almost anything you please. Do not say that exercise and fresh air cannot be got in cities, because it is not true.

Of course, the country provides them more plentifully than town life, but anyone who makes up his mind to keep himself fit can do it wherever he is.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Whatever you do, do thoroughly. Whatever you begin, finish. It may not seem worth your while at the moment to be so very painstaking and exact. In after years you will find that it was worth your while.—Charles Kingsley.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

LORD KITCHENER, who yesterday entered upon his thirty-fifth year of Army service, is only fifty-five, and looks still, as he always did, a man of iron constitution and nerve. In one important particular, however, his appearance has recently changed. He has curtailed the luxuriance of his moustache. He now wears it soberly and carefully trimmed, no longer in all its defiant splendour. One cannot help regretting that

Lord Kitchener should have dealt so severely with what had, after all, become a feature of national importance—a monument, one might almost say, as familiar as Nelson's Column or St. Paul's—or Mr. Chamberlain's eyeglass!

We do not envy Mr. George Frampton, R.A., and Mr. Solomon, A.R.A., in the task they have undertaken of judging for the "Tatler" who the

prettiest girl in England is. Mr. Frampton, however, a strong, square-built man, ought to be able to bear up against the attacks of those who do not gain the prize, while he is so hard-working that he certainly will not decide the competition off-hand. So busy is he always that his commissions scarcely leave him time for holidays. He may be seen, nearly every day, all the year round, at his double studio in the Queen's-road, N.W., modelling his clay with firm, confident fingers, eyes absorbed—and very untidy hair!

As to Mr. Solomon he ought to be used to danger, for he has painted the portraits of many women and is used to being told that he is no real judge of beauty by dissatisfied husbands and parents. Mr. Solomon has had some trouble with models as well as "sitters." One of them, a man, used to be forever borrowing money of him, and, not content with this, once absorbed a large quantity of the painter's turpentine, which he thought apparently might be a convenient substitute for gin. He found, however, that it reduced him to an inanimate state, and was discovered half-dead on the studio floor.

One is scarcely surprised to learn that Mr. Justice Bucknill has at last had a severe fall while hunting. It is a well-known fact that the learned Judge is incorrigibly bold on horseback, and stops at absolutely nothing. He is quite as keen, indeed, about all things horsey as his predecessor on the bench, Baron Brampton. He once had a stud of his own, and Constable, the famous jockey, was one of his stable boys. He has had accidents before, but none quite so formidable as this one.

Sir Thomas Bucknill is an extremely kind-hearted man, as an English sportsman ought to be. He used to be known by his friends at the Bar as "Tommy Bucknill," and Sir Frank Lockwood always said that he and "Dirk Webster" were the most popular men in the legal world. He once told a junior who treated him too ceremoniously to call him "Tommy." "That is my name, and you must stick to it," he said. And his kindness of heart was illustrated also by an incident which took place at the assizes in South Wales.

One of the South Wales reporters had taken his little boy into court with him. He wanted him to get an idea of what newspaper work was like. The boy stood by the reporters' table, and observed in silence. But Mr. Justice Bucknill observed also, and he sent the child a little note addressed "To the little boy standing at the table." Inside the note were these words: "I see a nice, quiet little boy watching his father writing shorthand. I send him sixpence for his money-box.—T. T. Bucknill." That is the way this particular Judge likes to relieve the monotony of "briefs and bamboozling," as he calls his own profession.

"He brightened the lives of thousands"—that is the striking compliment which Dean Pigou, the famous story-telling Dean of Bristol, has just paid to the memory of poor Dan Leno. Probably there are few clergymen now in the Church of England who are better able to appreciate a jester than the author of "Phases of My Life." He has had an existence constantly relieved by humorous incident. Even his vergers, his curates, and his organists have made him laugh. "Vergers I have met might form, indeed, a title for one of his volumes of reminiscences."

One of them was a latitudinarian in matrimonial matters. It was his business to settle all questions connected with Banns, and he was therefore examined with severity when it was discovered that he had allowed Dean Pigou to marry a man to his deceased wife's sister. "Why did you not tell me?" said the Dean. "Well," said the man slowly, "it was just this way—one of the parties was eighty-four and 'other eighty-six. I says to myself, 'Lord, it can't last long; let 'em wed, and bother the laws!'" So he remained silent.

Another verger was more strict with the general public. It had been arranged that the Cathedral should remain open for private prayer. The Dean asked the sulky old man if he had observed anyone availing himself of the privilege. "Yes," said the verger, "I ketcht two of 'em at it only 'tother day." The Dean was horrified. He was also taken aback when preaching in a dilapidated old church one day at Dewsbury. There the verger, as the Dean was about to ascend the pulpit, pulled his sleeve and whispered: "Would you like a drop of summat first?"

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

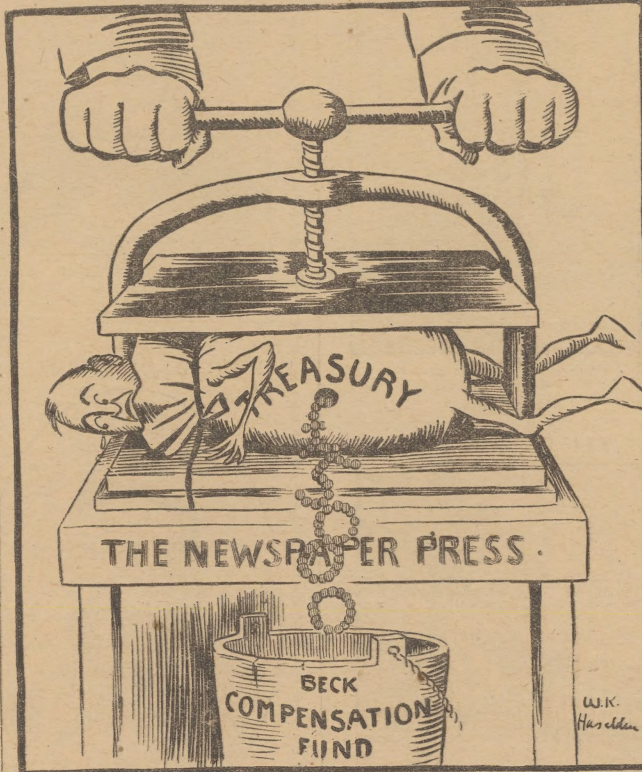
JANUARY 5.—Small birds are responsible for a great deal of mischief in the garden, but they also do good. Their over-production is probably in a great measure due to the fact that their natural enemies—hawks, owls, cuckoos, etc.—are destroyed by gamekeepers.

Singing-boxes can now be put up by bird-lovers. They should be nailed to trees or posts, or fixed to the wall of the house. Care must be taken that they are not invaded by sparrows; tomits, however, should be encouraged to build in them.

After a little experience, nesting-boxes can be made the homes of many a happy bird-foster. They should, of course, be emptied every year.

—E. F. T.

A SUCCESSFUL SQUEEZE.



Owing to the attitude of the "Daily Mail," "Daily Mirror," and other newspapers, the Treasury have increased their offer of compensation to Mr. Adolf Beck from £2,000 to £5,000.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Mount Stephen.

A SCOTCH herd-boy, from the hills of Banffshire, who rises to be a multi-millionaire and peer of the realm, is a sufficiently interesting personage, but when he also gives £200,000 to the King's Hospital Fund, he becomes very much the man of the moment.

Not that £200,000 is all he has given. As recently as 1902 he gave about £200,000. Half a million to one charity is generosity, indeed. What else he has given it is impossible to say, for his charity is mostly done in secret, but he has certainly given £100,000 to found a hospital in Montreal, £40,000 to augment the stipends of poor Scottish clergy, £20,000 to the Aberdeen Infirmary, and distributed over half a million among his relations so that they need not wait for his death.

Now he is a man of seventy-five, and neither looks it nor feels it. Certainly his beard and heavy moustache are white, but his eyes, always half-closed in a smile, are the eyes of a young man, and his back is as straight as it was when he went to Canada to make his fortune.

And while he made that fortune he did the Empire's work. He believed that a railway across Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific was possible. Hardly anyone else did, but he got his way and the line to-day brings Liverpool a thousand miles nearer to China and Japan, and carries passengers nearly 3,000 miles in 100 hours.

It was finished for his work. Two years later he came home to England, and at the age of sixty-two was made a peer.

"No, my dear Edward, I cannot marry you. In the first place, I am too young for you; secondly, my mama would oppose our match; thirdly, I doubt if you could support a household; fourthly, I think a man should have some occupation; and, fifthly, I am already engaged to Charles!"—Megendorfer Blatter (German).

A DREAM OF DOLLS.

The New Ballet at the Empire.

REAL fun for the children at last. And what a commentary on the stage. Pantomimes have become music-halls, and now a music-hall has put on a ballet for children.

"The Dancing Doll" is the name of the new Empire ballet. They ought to have called it "The Dancing Toys, a Pantomime for Children."

The scene is a toyshop—and such a toyshop. Everywhere are wonderful things. There are great glass cases of beautiful lady dolls with pink cheeks and flaxen ringlets. Marvellous mechanical figures—dancing niggers, child prodigies who thump a mince pie, and a blaze of clockwork and tin. At the back of the brilliant scene is the great Christmas-tree, in all its glory of lights and tinsel, while high on the top shines the sweetest little fairy.

Into this fascinating shop come purchasers, and the funniest old proprietor imaginable shows off his wares to them.

Night comes. The shop is dark: Suddenly with a blaze the Christmas-tree flashes into glory—swings open—and the little fairy appears to give life to the toys.

Then the reels begin. The dolls spring to life. From case after case they file, dolls in pink, dolls in white, and dolls in blue; even the poor little dolls who are only wrapped in tissue paper take their part.

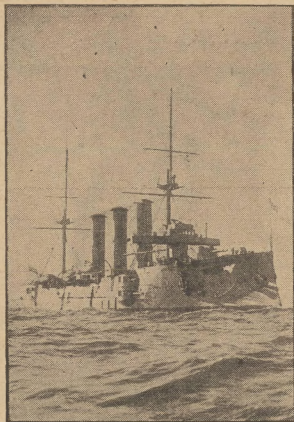
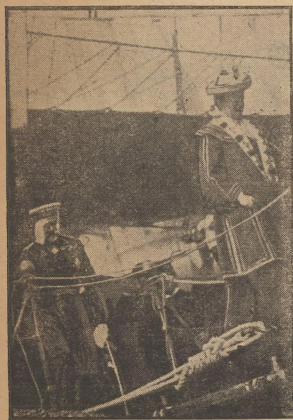
More dolls come on, dolls of every kind. The woodenness of wooden soldiers clatter round, while their officer rides a wonderful great steed with straight legs and black spots. Ugly little golliwogs run about everywhere; penny wooden dolls have adventures with a motor-car and a grotesque policeman.

And through it all fits the dancing doll. First she is a lady doll, then a drummer doll, then a sailor doll. Everything is the same to that wonderful doll: She dances here, she dances there, she's in and out, she's round and round. She is just a dancing sprite, the fairy of the Dance, and—Mlle. Gené.



SNAPSHOTS OF THE NEWS

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT LEAVE ENGLAND



The photograph shows the Duke and Duchess of Connaught embarking at Portsmouth for their trip in the Mediterranean in the fine cruiser Essex, which is also pictured above.—(Cribb.)

THE LIBRARY MARIE CORELLI OBJECTED TO.



The library presented to Stratford-on-Avon by Mr. Andrew Carnegie is the subject of this picture. Miss Marie Corelli strongly opposed its introduction as a resident of the town and Shakespeare-lover—but it was opened yesterday.

WHY THERE ARE NO BRITISH SEAMEN.



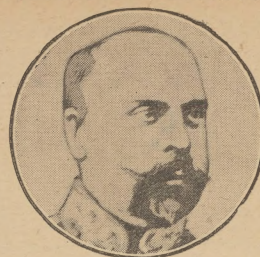
The sort of crews by which British ships are manned may be understood from this photograph, which shows a group of seamen waiting for a ship near the docks. The group includes Arabs, Lascars, negroes, and Chinamen.

THE HEROIC DEFENDER

PORT COMMANDANT.



Rear-Admiral Grigorievitch, Commandant of the Port, and responsible for the safety of the fleet when in the inner harbour.



Nicholas Schiloff, chief port mechanic. Time after time his men repaired the battered battleships and made them fit for sea.



Colonel Spiridonov, man to enter the siege, dashed Japanese lines in a trainload of 3

SECOND IN COMMAND.

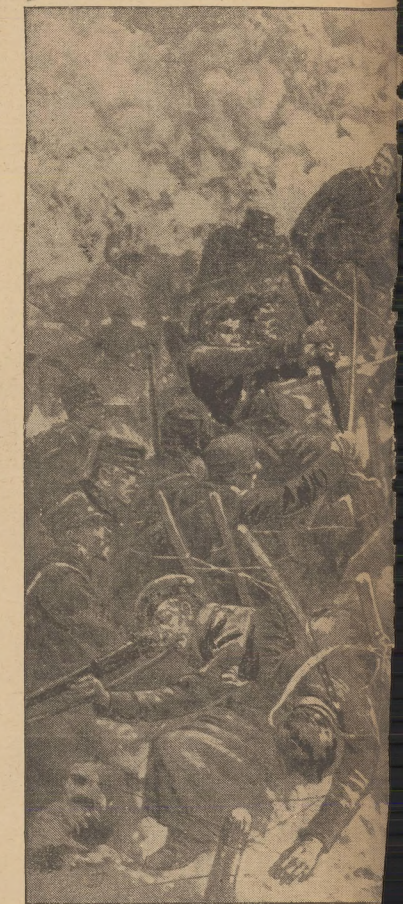


Major-General Fock, Stoessel's second in command. He commanded at Kinchau, and was wounded during the last days of the siege. The commander describes him as "a real hero and a real comrade."

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.



General Gorbatskowsky is known as "Soldatov drug"—the soldier's friend. He shared his rations among the wounded, and lived entirely on rice and biscuits.



THE LA



Colonel Zaitonchowsky was second in command of the artillery. He was killed towards the end of the siege.



Rear-Admiral Spiridonov directed the fleet so

OF PORT ARTHUR.

TOWN COMMANDANT.



last before the Japanese by regiments at a time.



Lieutenant-General Smirnof, commandant of the Town. A Plevna veteran who has added to a fine reputation.

FOUR TIMES WOUNDED.



Colonel V. A. Irman, a great infantry leader. He was wounded four times during the siege, and was once captured by the Japs. He escaped by pretending to be dead.

KILLED BY JAP SHELL.



Major-General Kondratenko commanded the Russians during the tremendous assault on 203 Metre Hill. He was killed later by a shell.



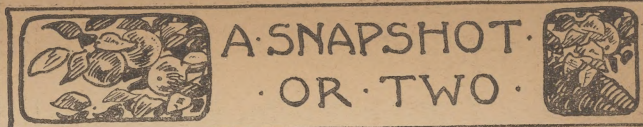
AND.



stchinsky defended the defences through the siege. He was wounded during its early days.



Major-General Bieli commanded the artillery through the siege. He was wounded during its early days.



FAIR CANVASSERS AT MILE END.



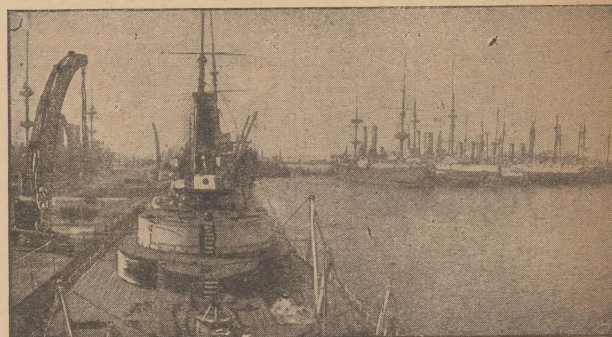
The most valuable workers on behalf of the Hon. Harry Lawson, the Conservative candidate, are a band of ladies under the leadership of the Hon. Mrs. Lawson and Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, who appear in the above photograph. The Marchioness is in the centre of the seated ladies, the Hon. Mrs. Lawson is seated on her right.

MANNING THE NEW FLEETS.



The new reserve fleets have just been commissioned. No fewer than fifty-four ships hoisted the pennant at Portsmouth. The photograph shows the crews marching through the dockyard to embark.—(Cribb.)

A SECOND-HAND FLEET FOR SALE.



This photograph shows obsolete war vessels at Portsmouth waiting for purchasers. About one hundred are to be sold during the next few days. Among them is the Melampus, at one time commanded by the Prince of Wales.—(Cribb.)

NO FORTRESS IMPREGNABLE.

Lieut.-Col. Maude Draws a Striking
Lesson from Japan's
Great Victory.

MORAL OF PORT ARTHUR.

Lieut.-Col. F. N. Maude, late of the Royal Engineers, a great authority on modern defensive warfare, tells the readers of the "Daily Mirror" in this important article why Port Arthur fell, and why no fortress can be considered impregnable.

Even Gibraltar is not an impregnable rock in the face of modern destructive weapons.

Lieut.-Col. Maude points the moral of Port Arthur in the conclusion of this article—"Money sunk in passive defences is unproductive . . . money spent on training and educating the nation to bear arms is the most paying investment."

The fall of Port Arthur comes to point a moral long since realised by soldiers, but hitherto entirely ignored by the public, namely, the folly of relying for national security on defensive arrangements only.

Every fresh discovery in the mechanical arts which can be applied to warfare is hailed by the Press as a fresh stepping-stone towards the millennium.

People have been led to believe that the dangers of attack must become so terrible that passive defences will alone suffice to guard our coasts and frontiers, and only a minimum of men will of necessity be withdrawn from the peaceful pursuits to which we owe our wealth and luxury.

Unfortunately for the public, each time the new devices are tested in the field, the advantage is found to remain with the attack, for fortress after fortress falls in a shorter time and at a correspondingly reduced cost in human life to the besiegers.

Port Arthur, in most respects an ideal position for resistance, and practically denuded of that greatest of all hindrances for a successful resistance, a large civilian population, has held out for about six months of open trenches, Sevastopol held out for eleven months. Gibraltar two years, and going back to the days before artillery, two years was quite an ordinary period for a garrison to endure.

BATTERING RAMS AND BEE-HIVES.

The reason is not difficult to find when we approach the matter closer. When battering-rams were the principal implements of attack, only one ram could attack the wall of the fortress at one time, whilst a number of defenders could envelop the head of the ram and pour down missiles of all sorts—bee-hives were considered amongst the most effective—upon the detachments working it.

In the smooth-bore days, still only a limited number of guns could be employed against a single spot, and these also were liable to be enveloped by fire from the defenders' works. But when, with the introduction of rifled guns and howitzers, the range at once went up to thousands of yards—at 10,000 a modern siege-gun can put shot after shot through a target the size of an ordinary front door—it became possible to cover the fire of many hundreds of guns on any point of the defenders' position one desired to crush. Now, also, it is no longer essential that the guns should see their object; they can be concealed behind hills in such a manner that their position can hardly be guessed at.

INFANTRY DEFENCE.

Such fire can sweep along the crests of the enemy's works, dismounting and destroying every piece of artillery he may have mounted, and enable him to require no cover the distance has increased. It is here that the long delay in the capture of the place has arisen and the defence appear more obstinate than it really has been—for the Japanese have had to construct thousands of yards of trenches, where hundreds would formerly have sufficed, and, in addition, the work has had to be done in groups of the most difficult nature, for the hills around Port Arthur are in most places bare rock, with hardly any covering of soil.

JAPAN'S ONLY BLOT.

Still there are ways of expediting the construction of these covered approaches—well known to English engineers, and presumably, also, to our allies—and their apparent neglect to avail themselves thereof forms the only blot on the conduct of the siege. Had the trenches been ready a month

sooner, the place must have fallen a month sooner, for against the final assaults, when made, no heroism in the defenders can avail anything. From the very nature of the case they are surrounded, and the result is certain beforehand.

This is where modern methods again differ from those of the past. In the days of St. Sebastian and Badajos—the assault being delivered on the body of the town—the storming columns always had to force their way in against the overlapping fire of the defenders. Nowadays, when practically the fall of the detached forts conditions the surrender of the place, it is only a matter of a few days' extra work in the galleries intended to blow down the escarp walls for the assailant to envelop the defender, when the result of a rush can no longer be doubtful.

DEATHBLOW TO FORTRESSES.

The real deathblow to the defence of fortresses was given about the year 1885—by the introduction of siege howitzers throwing shells containing high explosives—lyddite, melinite, etc.—up to ranges of 6,000 yards and upwards. Until that date it was generally felt in Western countries that though no fortress could be considered impregnable, it could at any rate gain time, which might be of greater value to the defending nation as a whole than the money permanently sunk on its construction and maintenance.

But these new shells, which, falling from a height of several thousand feet, crashed down through all shelters economically possible of construction, completely upset the existing equilibrium, and so thoroughly were the resists obtained, that Port Arthur anticipated that from 1888 onward no European nation has spent money on new fortifications.

MEN WANTED, NOT WALLS.

On the Continent leaders of military thought reason—and we should do well to take it to heart—that money sunk in passive defences is unproductive, but money spent on training and educating the nation to bear arms, by fitting its constituent elements better for the hard struggle for existence before them, is, in fact, the most paying investment a country can make of its capital.

For was it the struggle for existence amongst the nations, and that race the individuals of which are best fitted to survive in their own struggle will have the best chance of surviving as a whole on the higher plane, for the stronger and more enduring the units obviously the greater their sum total of force in the mass.

F. N. MAUDE, Lieut.-Col., late R.E.

THE KAISER'S UNIFORMS.

The Kaiser, who is an honorary colonel of almost every regiment in Europe, has just been appointed a captain-general in the Spanish army. One of the numerous worries of his life is the number of uniforms he has to keep, and, occasionally, to wear. The Spanish one is the one hundred and fifty-first. The Kaiser only wears these uniforms when he wants to pay a compliment to some foreign prince or potentate. What would happen if his valet got them mixed, and made him wear—say, a Japanese colonel's uniform as a compliment to Russia!

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING,
Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER LX.

The Choice.

"From your mother, Roderick?" asked Hugh Mordaunt, surprised. "You don't mean that she wrote it herself?"

He tore open the letter and looked with a puzzled face at the wavy, uneven lines which seemed to traverse the page at haphazard. What mad idea, he wondered, had taken possession of the brain of the sick woman, that she should have forced herself with such evident pain and difficulty, to pencil these almost illegible words? All the time that he was studying the pages Roderick was chatting on. Mordaunt absently said "Yes" and "No" at intervals, but something the boy said at last penetrated consciousness. Mordaunt lifted his head quickly.

"Eh, what's that you say?"

"That I am certain mother will get better fast now."

"Yes, yes, I know, I heard that—but why?"

"Because she's got tired of the stuffy sick-room—because she can stand the old door air—because she got me to open the windows."

"Come along," interrupted Mordaunt; "I want to see Mrs. La Grange."

He seized his hat and stick and darted out of the house. He almost ran along the road. Roderick had all he could do to keep up.

As they hurried on across fields and over stiles an thought Roderick's thought of the cruelty of which this mother had been guilty. She had made her own son the instrument of her suicide. He asked no further questions of Roderick. If her mad act resulted as she wished it to result, one great duty lay upon everybody in that house. Knowledge must be kept from him that his mother's death had been the consequence of his act. Though he had flung open the windows in obedience to her command—though, of course, he

THE SINGLE LIFE.

Can a Lonely Existence Be a
Happy One?

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Certainly single life is a success—till you have known the joy of married life. Happiness is merely a matter of comparison. H. C. Carlton-hill, W.

Most certainly I entirely agree with "Contented Bachelor," and pity some of my less fortunate brethren who have entered married life and would willingly withdraw, but cannot. I strongly advise all who are unmarried to remain so. A SENSIBLE BACHELOR.

The question is superfluous. Of course it is not. No one can be really happy until they know the joy of watching over, and being watched over by, a loved one. People who are happy alone must be unutterably selfish. HAPPILY WEDDED. Newbigin.

"Thirty-Year-Old Bachelor" puts his question to "Contented Bachelor" in a spirit of special pleading. What he might ask with equal force is this: Would you rather return home from the day of toil to your own comfortable lodging or to your poverty-stricken little home, with your shrill-voiced wife to harass you? A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR.

I spent twenty-five years alone. Three years ago I married, and I now look upon those twenty-five years as wasted. I can think of nothing more terrible than to be compelled to return to that death-in-life existence.

As I look from my present happy home to my old life of dreary solitude, I wonder how I found existence even tolerable. J. S. BRADLEY. Ilfracombe.

Most girls nowadays think of nothing but fine dressing, theatres, and dances.

They then call men selfish who will not support them in these pleasures by paying for them. Marriage they regard as an institution founded to finance women. It is not surprising that men are beginning to wonder what advantages they get from the institution. N. FENTON. Addison-road, W.

If all wives were affectionate and loving there would be no reason to ask whether single life is a success. Any man would be delighted to return to a home each day provided he were sure of a welcome, but wives of that kind are rare.

I have tried the single life and the married life. I find more happiness single. It is better to be alone than to share one's life with an uncongenial mate. FRANK T. RICHARDS. Stockport.

was in utter ignorance of the almost certain result, nevertheless, his whole future must be darkened if he came to know.

As he came near to Compton Knoyle he went a little out of the way that he might be able to see one side of the house. He looked up—the two windows of the sick-room were wide open.

"Good," he said, as they ran in at the front door; "you've kept up well. Tell Mrs. La Grange I wish to see her immediately."

The panting boy found her quickly. She came hurrying to him.

"I thought he was with her," she said; "she asked that they mightn't be interrupted for two hours."

"The windows are wide open," he whispered; "she asked him to do it, and he did. He must not know."

Mrs. La Grange turned and flew up the stairs. Mordaunt heard the sound of a bell, then the hurrying of feet. A groom rode down the drive on horse kept saddled in the stable. He had gone for the doctor evidently. In ten minutes Mrs. La Grange came down to him.

"She is alive," she said in a strained voice, "but unconscious, collapsed. I do not think she will live till the doctor comes. I feel that I am much to blame. I never thought of warning Roderick. Everybody else who came into the room knew. Awful—poor Rosamond."

"Her son!" said Mordaunt, hoarsely, overcome by the tragedy of it.

"She could not have known what she was doing," cried Mrs. La Grange. "She was not responsible. I am to blame."

"You have no reason to blame yourself. You could not foresee such a thing. Did you—? He stopped suddenly and looked at her.

"Yes—the first thing. I put them both down."

"Then nobody knows?"

"No."

"They must not know," he answered, "for the boy's sake. It must be a secret, solemnly guarded."

"You are right. I must go back to her now. The nurses are with her. She may recover consciousness. I should wish to be by her side, if she does."

Mordaunt, left alone, sat down by the table, took out her letter, and slowly, laboriously, deciphered the struggling letters. He was white to the lips when he had mastered the last word. The note was a confession, was the same confession which

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING.

The Hungry Must Be Fed.

There is no time for argument when a man—and, still more, a child—is starving. We must feed him first, and afterwards discuss the amount of his responsibility.—*The Onlooker.*

Don't Nail His Ears to the Pump.

It is a wonder to my mind that men whose trade consists in palming off rubbishy goods by means of deceptive advertisements do not get assailed by their customers a good deal oftener.—*Truth.*

The Importance of Being Tacitful.

Tact oils the wheels of life; social life, family life, business life would be absolutely impossible without it. A tactless person has little influence, is rarely loved, and more often than not is heartily disliked, even if he possess all the virtues which will get her into heaven.—*The Queen.*

Woman's View of Women.

The modern woman is quite as sentimental as her grandmother was before her. She is, for all her show of strength, a weak, dependent creature, who will gladly turn her back on any work or any art for the sake of a man's protection and a settled future.—*The Lady.*

How to Live Long.

I was always a small eater, especially of meat. I always tried to do things as soon as possible, and never as late as possible. I have found that a great advantage through life. I have always tried to be punctual in keeping all engagements and to be early for all trains.—*Mr. John Hilton, on "The Secret of a Long Life," in "The Young Man."*

Cause of Appendicitis.

Dr. Chauvet, Medical Inspector of the French army, has recently made a study of appendicitis among the troops, and he comes to the conclusion that it is caused by meat-eating. Regiments in Algiers, where little meat is eaten, have few cases, and the number increases elsewhere as the habit of eating meat increases.—*Ernest Crosby, in the "Humane Review."*

Cause of Rural Depopulation.

The miserable condition of many country cottages and inability to find a suitable one have been the cause of many a man leaving his native village for some town where his needs, in this respect, at all events, are better provided for. Had his wants been met such a man might not have taken part in the rural exodus.—*The Sanitary Record.*

Inexperienced Undergraduates.

English undergraduates, during their time at college, remain to some considerable extent in ignorance of real life, and when they enter the world they are confronted by realities and temptations unknown and unaccustomed. Would it not be better for the development of character and experience of life to allow them to come into some what closer contact with the realities of life?—*A German Rhodes Scholar in the "Cornhill."*

she had made to her husband when she had burst in so ruthlessly upon his privacy. It implored Mordaunt to take the necessary steps to take the confession to the Home Secretary.

"And she told him this," said Mordaunt to himself, appalled at the thought; "she told him this in the moment in which he was leaving his place at the bench and delivering his famous speech. That knew the facts would dare to condemn him? Did he, too, take his own life? If he did not Heaven was merciful to him. Better death, than a life such as his would have been."

His heart flamed in anger against Richard Deverill.

"What must I do about him?" he asked, as he paced up and down the room, passionately protesting to himself that it was not his duty to do anything. "Why should I interfere? He accepted it all. He rightly said that he owed expiation. How much more does he owe it now—two lives have been sacrificed to him. He was the murderer of Alan Gascoyne. Should he escape all punishment? Why should I not put this note into the fire, why not let him pay the penalty which he justly ought to pay?"

It was an hour of bitter struggle for Mordaunt. He could not, however, escape from that inevitable conclusion which weighed upon his mind, the force upon one who had had a legal training. The man was under sentence of death for a crime which he had not committed. The feeling that underlies all English law, the sentiment of all Englishmen, is against infliction of penalties, except for guilt of the particular crime alleged.

Richard Deverill, however, reluctantly admitted to himself at last, "to conceal or destroy this letter. I will do this. I will let Richard Deverill himself decide what is to be done. He shall choose."

The doctor arrived as he came to this decision. He was too late by five minutes. Lady Gascoyne had not regained consciousness, she had passed painlessly out into the broad sea of eternity.

"I could have done nothing," said the doctor to Mrs. La Grange, "even if I had been in time." Then he went away without the slightest suspicion that his instructions had not been followed in every particular. Nobody ever guessed, least of all Roderick himself, that he had been the hand, which, under his mother's direction, had brought her to her death.

(Continued from page 11.)

"DOCTOR" BODIE CRITICISED.

Expert Medical Opinion on "the
Great Healer."

VIOLENCE CONDEMNED.

Music Hall "Turn" Described as "Puerile
and Unedifying."

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

At the request of the editor of the *Daily Mirror*, I went yesterday afternoon to the Royal Music Hall, Holborn, to see the "turn" of "Dr. Walford Bodie, the great healer." It was as puerile and unedifying an exhibition as I have ever seen, and calculated, in more than one direction, to injure the public.

Let me now justify this in details, premising that I cannot be accused of professional jealousy, as, in the first place, I am not a surgeon; and, in the second, do not practise amongst such unfortunate patients as I saw at the "Royal" yesterday.

One was prejudiced against the "turn" from the first, for the initial item was the passing of electric currents through "Dr." Bodie's body, which he said he did at the risk of his life. So grossly indefensible a statement would hardly prejudice in the performer's favour anyone who had ever seen a high-frequency machine or a secondary coil before. That by the way.

CASE OF PARALYSIS.

We then proceeded to witness exactly the exhibition I expected, though I have never seen a bone-setter's performance before. There was first insisted on to the stage—we were not allowed an opportunity of seeing how she could walk before treatment—a girl of twenty-eight, stated to be suffering from infantile paralysis of many years' standing, and to have been discharged as incurable from several hospitals.

There could be no question that the girl's leg was paralysed; its girth and length, the livid appearance of the skin, and the position of the joints fully confirmed the diagnosis given; nor need we doubt that she had been pronounced incurable, as she unfortunately is.

Everyone knows that paralysis is a nervous affection, the damage in this case being situated in the spinal cord. How any manipulation of the ankle-joint could replace damaged cells by sound ones in a portion of the spinal marrow three or four feet away "Dr." Bodie did not say.

The patient had obviously not received medical attention for some time. The foot had not been

moved, so that many adhesions had formed outside the ankle-joint, which was thus stiff—as any unused joint would become.

"Dr." Bodie hypnotised the girl—at least, I have no reason to doubt that she was really hypnotised—and then violently broke down the adhesions by wrenching the foot in various directions. He then restored the patient to normal consciousness, and proceeded to test the limb.

He made her raise the leg by bending the hip-joint, neglecting to remark that the hip-joint and the muscles which fixed it had never been near anything but healthy, and that he had not been near these muscles, which terminate on the thigh-bone about an inch and a half below the hip-joint. The demonstration, preposterously irrelevant and impudent as it was, much impressed the audience.

The girl then limped off the stage. Three other cases followed, each obviously a genuine case of infantile paralysis, this malady suiting "Dr."



"Dr." Walford Bodie.

Bodie's convenience, as he can thus truly assert that the case has been pronounced incurable. In each case the same procedure was gone through, with the addition of what I omitted to mention in the first case—the turning down of the lights and turning on of the interrupted current—so arranged, however, that it could not possibly pass through the patient.

PREPOSTEROUS MAGNET.

I should also mention an enormous object, resembling a magnet, with which "Dr." Bodie stroked the wasted limbs. One knows, of course, that public ignorance of electricity and magnetism, but this preposterous magnet and its success with the audience would have been unspeakably funny had not human sorrow been involved in its "use."

The last patient, conveniently for me, was a little girl. I say conveniently for me, since her

short dress allowed me to see her feet as she limped off the stage; and I saw, as I expected, the characteristic "drop-foot," indicating the incurable paralysis of her foot, wasted calf-muscles.

I say *incurable*, because we know that no *nerve cell*, once destroyed, can ever be replaced. The inability to reproduce itself is the nerve cell's penalty for its high organisation.

Of course, adhesions should never be allowed to form, whether in cases of paralysis or fracture or sprain. Even ten years ago surgeons would leave sprains alone: nowadays they begin with massage and gentle movements at once, so that the history of bone-setting is near its last page.

The subsequent course of "Dr." Bodie's cases is easy to describe. Unless the joints are systematically moved—by some friend, for the paralysed muscles cannot do it—the adhesions will re-form, and in greater abundance, since "Dr." Bodie's "bloodless" surgery is so violent—for spectacular purposes—that it must entail considerable subcutaneous hemorrhage, which means the formation of more fibrous bands or adhesions than ever.

PHYSICIANS INDIGNANT.

The reader who knows the many cases in which the poor people who frequent our hospitals persist in refusing permission for operation, when nothing that we physicians can do is of any avail, will sympathise with my indignation at "Dr." Bodie's advice to yesterday's audience never to allow the knife to be used upon them by the "experimenters" of the hospitals.

I am only thankful that it was not my lot to sit still yesterday and witness "Dr." Bodie, like many other bone-setters, manipulate joints affected with tuberculosis. I am for liberty in almost all things, but when I contemplate the disaster to limbs and to life which follows the "bone-setter's" rude handling of tuberculous joints—for he never distinguishes between joints which suffer from *disease* and joints which suffer from *disuse*—I cannot but wish for some legislation to protect the ignorant poor, and especially the helpless children of the ignorant poor.

C. W. SALEEBY.

AT AN OPERATION.

How a Football Player Was Treated at the
Bond-street Operating Room.

An eager crowd of halt and maimed men, women, and children thronged the pavement outside 72, New Bond-street yesterday afternoon waiting to be admitted into the operating room of Mr. H. A. Barker, the bloodless surgeon.

The patient he operated upon was Alfred Lewis, the famous Sheffield United goalkeeper. Thirteen months ago he displaced the cartilage of the left knee, which, stiffening, prevented him from playing.

With a soft, slow movement the leg was bent inward. The patient's clenched teeth, fixed eyes, and gripping hands proclaimed the agony.

But it was all over in a few minutes.

The man was told to move his knee, and "Come on Friday," said Mr. Barker. "In ten days it will be quite right."

"You carried the secret," resumed Mordaunt, "through all the long days which led up to the trial. You carried it through the trial. You maintained silence when the jury came in with their verdict. You did not open your lips when the Judge sentenced you. In a way, you have thus established the right to die for yourself as to whether your lips and mine shall be sealed for ever."

Mordaunt could not keep his voice from breaking as he uttered these words. It was an awful option to put before any man.

"He has gone—she is dead," murmured Deverill, and then he stopped.

A sudden noise came from without—the sound of a carpenter's hammer striking wood. A shiver went over Deverill as his eyes met those of Mordaunt.

"Who will know beside the Home Secretary?" asked the unhappy man, in a quavering voice, as he shook like a leaf.

"I cannot say—perhaps nobody. Probably a few others, officials and so on. It is certain, of course, to be talked about in time, among a limited number at any rate. Such secrets cannot be hidden."

"It's true, yes, it's true—and yet, Mordaunt, it is awful to die on the gallows."

These words were whispered through white and trembling lips, and staring eyes were looking into Mordaunt's.

"I do not care for life," continued the wretched man. "What can it hold for me after this—but that death—it is more than I can bear to think of. Yes, Mordaunt, take him the letter—but wait, wait a minute. She left a son. She left a name unprotected to him, unblemished, so far as the world knows. Shall I falter now? Alas, I protected her. Now that she is dead, can I buy liberty at the price of her good name? No, Mordaunt. Quick, lest I yield again, have you got it with you?"

Mordaunt's answer was silently to draw the letter from his pocket.

"Tear it up, quick, now, before my eyes."

"You mean it—you choose?"

"Yes I choose."

Mordaunt tore the note slowly across its full length.

"Quick, quick," cried Deverill.

Mordaunt tore the letter into fragments.

(To be continued.)

MEN WHO WORK.

Behind the Scenes with Sir Edmund
Monson at the British
Embassy in Paris.

As occasion requires the "Daily Mirror" will publish articles giving an intimate and true account of the daily work of great men. In this article Mr. John Bell describes the day's work of Sir Edmund Monson, the retiring British Ambassador to France.

By JOHN BELL.

The popular conception of an ambassador is that he is more or less an ornamental personage.

Sir Edmund Monson, on the contrary, was a hard worker, who took his mission very seriously. He rose early every morning, and was at his desk before ten. His desk was simply littered with letters, packets, and newspapers. He read every document with his own eyes, and the facility with which he mastered the contents of each was a subject of amazement to his secretaries and attachés. Nothing escaped his eye. He had an absolute genius for detail, and the impression one got of him while seeing him at work was that of a keen, anxious business man.

Let me give you an idea how an ambassador goes about his business. Sir Edmund spent the greater part of the morning in dealing with his correspondence. After grasping the contents of his mail bag he distributed the letters to his secretaries, and gave instructions as to the replies to be sent off to every individual communication. He himself undertook the political work. Sir Edmund is a very rapid writer, and has been known to write out an important statement to the effect of a column of the "Times" well within a couple of hours. All the while he had not lost his grip on the strings of his department.

AFTERNOON CALLERS.

His routine work generally came to an end in the forenoon. He received callers, and then his appointments in the afternoon. All manner of people presented themselves at the Embassy, and all wanted to see the Ambassador personally. People who were stranded and wanted monetary assistance, spies with valuable information to impart, applicants in regard to extradition cases—all bent their steps to the ambassadorial "hotel." Sir Edmund saw to it that every caller was attended to by one or other of his secretaries, if he did not actually receive them himself.

During the Fashoda crisis, his sleep was often interfered with. He used to lie awake at nights waiting for the secretary who was on night duty to bring the telegrams to his bedroom after he had been deciphered. He and M. Delcassé are strong personal friends, and used to visit each other during this critical period without the least ceremony.

As with M. Delcassé, so with M. Loubet. Sir Edmund Monson counts the President among his personal friends. And the friendship existing between them became accentuated during King Edward's visit to Paris in 1903.

POPULAR GARDEN PARTIES.

Perhaps the best tribute that can be paid to an Ambassador in Paris is the eagerness with which the élite avail themselves of the invitations to the Embassy receptions and garden parties. These were always notable affairs under Sir Edmund Monson, who was known as "Brilliant."

An Ambassador is generally considered anything but an ornamental personage by his countrymen in distress. British yachtsmen, ignorant of the procedure to be gone through, have sailed their yachts as far as Havre, their intention being to proceed to Marseilles, or through the French gulf. Stopped because they did not possess the necessary authorisation, many had reason to be grateful to Sir Edmund Monson.

To act with alacrity when it came to his knowledge that a British subject was thrust into a lunatic asylum without sufficient justification has also been in the day's work of a British Ambassador. In this connection the case of Mr. Bertie Marriott comes to mind. It was Sir Edmund Monson who finally brought about his release from the asylum to which he had been consigned. JOHN BELL.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

(Continued from page 10.)

That afternoon Mordaunt obtained access to the cell of Richard Deverill and saw at a glance that confinement, the imminence of death, the assaults of conscience, had had their effect on him. Deverill's nerves were clearly much shattered, and he trembled when Mordaunt was brought into his presence.

"It was kind of you to come," he said. "I have nothing to do—but wait. The hours creep on heavily. I cannot eat, I cannot sleep; but tell me about her."

"I am bound," was Mordaunt's grave answer, "to bring you grave news. You would not have known perhaps, if I had not felt it my duty to tell you what has happened. I bring it for a special reason, with a special purpose in view."

Then he told the overwhelmed prisoner of the accident which had resulted fatally to Mr. Justice Gascoyne, and of the death of his wife. Deverill broke down completely, even though he did not know the worst. If he suspected that Rosamond Gascoyne had confessed the truth to her husband, he asked no question, gave no sign.

"I have done wrong in coming thus to you," said Mordaunt, after he had partially recovered himself. "It was my duty to go direct to the Home Secretary."

Deverill started up.

"Why should you go to him?" he asked eagerly.

"Has other evidence been discovered—have they found out who did it?"

"I have found out," said Mordaunt gravely, "that you did not do it."

"She told you the truth then. Mordaunt, I must know. Tell me, in God's name, did she tell her husband?"

Mordaunt was silent.

"Ah," cried Deverill, "if I knew that she had not, I should feel less miserable. If I could think that he went to his grave in ignorance, I could at least gain that small comfort. Ah, what she endured after my arrest. Mordaunt, she paid a bitter price, she suffered more than I. Rosamond Gascoyne and I sinned deeply; but we have paid such penalties as few are called upon to pay in this world. If there be a future life, if there be further punishment there, then mercy is not known. What have you to say to me, what about the Home

Secretary? Does all the world know the truth now? At the last moment has she undone everything? If so, my sacrifice was in vain. Little as I care to live, yet I must seize almost any chance to escape so shameful a death."

"He will break down, he will yield," thought Mordaunt.

"The world does not know it," he said aloud. "I only have the facts. I had no right to come to you. It may be that my coming to you has killed you. Every chance of action in your favour. I have in my possession a letter written by the hand of a woman who was on the threshold of death—an almost illegible and painfully written letter. It is a letter which establishes your innocence morally, but not legally. The writer of it has passed away. She cannot be questioned as to its contents. It would only be possible to prove that she wrote it by the evidence of her own little son."

"Not that—not that," said Deverill, shrinking back aghast at the idea.

"The only living person," continued Mordaunt solemnly, "who can confirm the statements in that note is yourself. Now you see why I did wrong in coming here, how my coming may interfere with my doing anything for you. If I produce that note to the Home Secretary, the first thing he will say is this: 'Have you had any communication of any kind with the prisoner since that communication came into your hands?' If I were able to answer in the negative, he would no doubt send somebody down here to question you. If you answers in the negative, there could be no human doubt that you would have successfully established an alibi. Do you understand?"

"Quite," answered Deverill in a low voice. "You have seen me in the meantime. I might have been supposed to gain from you a knowledge of the contents of the letter, and have arranged my answers accordingly."

"That did it, precisely."

"Why did you come?"

"I could not help it. I felt the choice should still remain with you. I think it possible that if I state upon my honour that you do not know what is in it that I declare frankly that my purpose in visiting you was that you should choose as to whether the note should ever be used. It might still avail you. The chances are that it would. It is for you to choose, Richard Deverill."

Deverill was silent for a long, long time.

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JUVENILE FASHIONS.

WHAT IS WORN AT JANUARY BALLS.

The prevalence of soft and supple materials has created an increased latitude of choice in the matter of girlish frocks for the evening, and, whereas in past days there were only one or two materials appropriate for girls in their teens, there are now several. Even silks and satins, once practically forbidden to them, and relegated to older women, have by virtue of the transformation come into the province of youth; and velvet, while still so far as evening gowns are concerned the property of the matron or the maid of several seasons, is in its new chiffon quality permissible for the débutante.

For the first winter season's evening frocks the fine materials are favourites, with silk mousseline as the first choice where service and cost need not be considered, and with tulle in the same smart and perishable class. White tulle is especially liked for the Parisian débutante, but is not quite so often patronised on this side of the water, for there is very little wear in it, of course.

Chiffon is a happy compromise between the ephemeral and the serviceable, for although it is

presumably for this reason the girle is retained in the majority of cases.

Crêpe in its numerous variations is the débutante's good friend, and though not remarkably modish this winter is too practical and beautiful not to be popular. The satin finished crêpes are great favourites. Gauged satin or velvet ribbon in baby widths, narrow bouillonnées of silk, and little ruches of lace, silk, or mousseline, are greatly used for trimming fine frocks, and are set on in scroll designs, waved lines, or festoons. Ribbon embroidery, also, is considered youthful enough for the débutante's frock, and on one pretty dress the full skirt had three 10in. ruffles of wide soft taffetas ribbon gauged full, and set on at slight intervals with upstanding headings.

MOTOR COATS.

LEATHER AS A WIND PROTECTOR.

One of the marked changes in the present season's alterations regarding motor attire is the diminution of favour accorded to the fur coat. The cause of this is the inability of fur to stand hard usage, although pony skin, which attained a considerable vogue last winter, is not open to this objection

COLOUR REMEDIES.

RED FACTORY ENERGISES WORK-PEOPLE.

Environment exercises a powerful influence on us all, and even the question of colour is considered so important that at the present time it is attracting attention as a means of curing some diseases.

One scientist has declared that nervous ailments may be ameliorated, if not entirely cured, by the application of colour remedies; while in other quarters the effect of colour on the temperament is recognised to such an extent that the whole interior of a large factory has been painted red with a view to stimulating the activity of the workers.

Everyone will admit that bright, cheerful hues are good to look at when one is suffering from depression of spirits. There is enough sadness in life without making oneself and one's home dismal to look at and to live in. Yet the psychology of colour is as yet little understood. In a general way most of us know that blue tranquillises, that yellow and rose-pink represent the general warmth of sunshine, and that green has a cooling effect. But the correct proportion and association neces-

sary in the crumbs and beat all well together. Well butter a mould, shake a few hard crumbs over the butter, then put in a layer of the mixture, next a layer of jam, and so on till the mould is full. Put the mould in a moderate oven and bake the pudding for one hour. Turn it out to a hot dish and serve the pudding with a good custard sauce.

HADDOCK A LA CREME.

INGREDIENTS.—One fresh haddock, one lemon, salt and pepper, half a pint of good white sauce, a tablespoonful of cream, if possible; quarter of a pint of picked shrimps, three tablespoonfuls of anchovy essence, a few capers.

Wash, dry, and trim the haddock. Split it open flat, remove the head and all the bones, and season the inside with salt, pepper, and the juice of the lemon. Lay the fish on a greased tin, put a little butter here and there on it, cover it with a piece of buttered paper, and cook it in a slow oven for about ten minutes. Then put it on a hot dish. Have ready the white sauce, add to it any liquor there may be in the tin in which it was cooked, also the cream. Make the sauce, stir into it the shrimps and anchovy essence. See that it is nicely seasoned; then pour it over the fish, and put a few little heaps of chopped capers round the dish.

THE CARE OF PLANTS.

Women who take a pride in their ferns should heed the advice of a florist, which is as follows:—Once let a fern become really dry and thirsty, and it is ruined for ever. Any amount of care and attention may be bestowed upon it afterwards, but it will never be restored to its former healthy condition.

Palms should be watered every other day thoroughly. The earth must be wet at the bottom of the pot, but not to such an extent that water stands in it. The leaves of the palm should be kept carefully dusted, so that they will look fresh—indeed, they may be washed with advantage daily.



Some very pretty costumes for the evening parties of this month are shown above. The one on the left is flounced with lace, and has a lace bolero and sleeves. The one on the right is trimmed with ruffles and roses of mousseline de soie posed on that fabric. The wee girls wear accordion-pleated silk and spotted muslin, run through with baby ribbon.

fine it is much stouter than its appearance indicates, wears well, and cleans easily. Nets, either plain or dotted, but usually of a close mesh, are durable and modish as well, and some of the most charming models are carried out in this material.

Applied flowers and embroidery showing a flower design play an important part in the trimming of youthful evening frocks, the applied trimming, of course, being less costly and difficult of achievement than hand embroidery.

Floral Garniture.

A pretty frock of pale rose-pink mousseline was trimmed with chiffon rose garlands applied as headings for the flounces on the skirt, as well as the berthe and sleeve frills, and a feature of this same model, girlish in effect and worthy of notice, was the use of several little frills of the mousseline as a finish for all the wide flounces and frills. Floral garniture like this does away with the necessity for lace, and is as dainty as it is simple.

Another flower-trimmed evening gown, seen lately, was carried out in white silk gauze, with a skirt which from the knees downwards was formed of lace. At intervals round the skirt wreaths of blush pink chiffon roses, with pale grey stems and foliage were applied to the lace surface, and apophoric roses nestled in the lace berthe and the elbow sleeves, which were composed of lace frills. A high, soft satin girle matching the roses encircled the waist, and opened in a V shape down the front, with brilliant buttons set down each side.

The high belt is retaining its vogue more generally in connection with the débutante's frock than in the models intended for older women. The blouse and the bolero are unquestionably more girlish than the draped and pointed bodice, and

so much as some of the other skins that have been fashioned into coats.

The coat that has superseded that made of fur is one composed of leather—or rather of cloth lined with leather that can be put in or taken out at will. Leather is a splendid protection against the bitterest wind. For mild days and short trips there is a coat that is certain to find many admirers. It is of dark blue reversible cloth, with a scarlet lining, which shows to special advantage in the big loose hood. When extra warmth is required, or the wind is blowing briskly, a mackintosh will be necessary, and the newest of these rain protectors is pretty enough to reconcile any wearer to them. They are to be bought in any colour, and have a most silky appearance.

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Leather bags with handsome silver mounts are very neat, providing the leather matches the gown. It is possible to obtain the most beautiful coloured leather in grey and purple, lavender, green, ivory, white, brown, and tan. Indeed, one can match almost any gown with a bag. The mounts, if well executed in silver and gold, can be transferred from one bag to another at a moderate cost.

To own a dozen wrist-bags is no unusual thing, nowadays. Many women have a bag for each coat and for each gown, and some go so far as to order a bag to match each hat. Thus the bags count up to dozens. There are little trunks that are made for the safe keeping of these bags. They are very shallow, and are scented with sandalwood.

sary to produce the best results on the temperament, not to speak of the healing of diseases, and to soothe a man or woman after the hustle of the business day is over, can only be known by those who have given devoted attention to the art, and mainly by observation have arrived at definite conclusions.

A COOK'S INSTRUCTIONS.

GRENADINES OF VEAL.

INGREDIENTS.—One pound of fillet of veal, larding bacon, one carrot, one turnip, one onion, a bunch of mixed herbs, half a pint of stock.

Cut the veal into neat cutlets; then lard them. That is to say, cut the bacon into tiny strips; put one of these in the larding needle, and draw it in large stitches through the cutlet; do this in three rows on one side of each cutlet. Wash and prepare the vegetables, put them in a steapan with the stock, place the cutlets on them, cover them over with a piece of greased paper, and let them cook very gently, basting them frequently. When they are cooked sufficiently, put them in the oven to get brown. Strain the stock, and then let it boil fast till it is reduced to one gill.

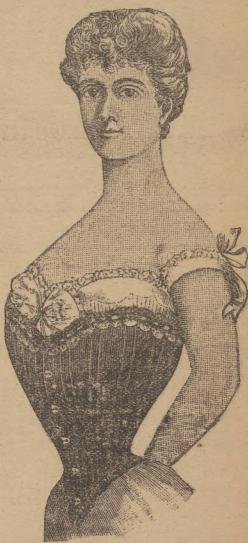
Make a neat bed of mashed potatoes or spinach on a hot dish, arrange the cutlets neatly on it, and pour the stock over them.

RASPBERRY PUDDING.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of butter, four ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of bread-crumbs, three eggs, raspberry jam.

Beat the butter and sugar together till they look like cream; then add the eggs one by one, and when these are well beaten into the mixture stir

MME. DOWDING.



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"Dear Sir,—Please send me a large bottle 'Antipon.' . . . When I started 'Antipon' was 246 lb. in weight, and the reduction since start it is great (61) lb. for Lady, weight 184 lb. I

now take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its
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and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil—the cure is complete and permanent.”

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weight, many of which starved the subject into a thin condition and drugged him (or her) with mineral poisons. These dangerous practices cannot be too strongly condemned. The

"Antipon" helps to nourish the system whilst depriving it of the diseased and superfluous fatty deposits. This principle is the only sound one. To decrease weight by robbing the body of proper nourishment is the worst of evils. "Antipon" is the best of tonics. It promotes a keen appetite and aids digestion. Sound, wholesome food must

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The process is rational and scientific in the highest sense. There are no weakening diets or other restrictions. "Feed up and grow this vigorous, and healthy." That is what "Antipon" means. And once the body reduced to normal weight and correct proportions (a result achieved in an incredibly short time) the doses may be discontinued forthwith. The cure is truly a permanent one.

As to the rate of decrease, the first day and night will show a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb. this being followed by a reliable and satis-

factory loss of weight day by day until complete cure of the complaint and a wonderful recovery in life and energy. A course

"Antipon brings back the brightness, alertness, and good looks of youth. The muscles become firm and strong, the circulation normal, the skin and complexion pure and

"Antipon" is a liquid of purely vegetable ingredients. It is pleasant to the taste, neither aperient nor the reverse, and is taken without the least discomfort or inconvenience.

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1

PRESTON NORTH END'S WONDERFUL TEAM.

The Influence of the Corinthians
—Cobbold's Lectures.

SOME GREAT PLAYERS.

"Which do you think was the best professional side in your day?" asks a correspondent. Well, in my day, and since my day, I think there will be few to disagree with my opinion that the finest professional side of any time was Preston North End, when it flourished under the guidance of Major Sudell in the middle and later 'eighties. The general pace and the thoroughness of the individual skill were so consistent that the North End in the first season of the League Championship were first, with a total of forty points out of a maximum of forty-four.

This was in 1888-89, when the art of importation was not widely acquired. I saw a good deal of this North End side. The defence was very wonderful, and the half-backs, playing the double part of a second line of attack and the first of defence, developed a game that for unerring placing and safe tackling left an impression on me that not all the sides in which Needham, Holt, and Reynolds played have removed.

Famous Cantabs.

"If my memory does not play me false, I think that it was W. A. Cobbold, when still at Cambridge, who worked out for practice all the theories of the three half-backs and five forwards. He used to lecture to his team in his rooms, and he had plenty of genius among the players to follow him. Tinsley Lindley was in the Cambridge team four times; and the first two years he had Cobbold with him. Cobbold's years in the Cambridge team were 1883, 1884, 1885, and 1886, and just about that time, in some of the seasons Arthur Dunn, J. P. P. Raw, Ben, P. J. de Parauy, B. W. Spilsbury, T. W. Briston, A. M. Walters, and R. T. Squire must have been 'up.'"

But to get to my point, it was Cobbold and the Corinthians who brought the three half-backs game to that perfection which made the half-backs the most vital line in a side. Failure or success depend almost absolutely on the skill at half. The development of this half-back play sounded the knell of individualism and the long dribbling which Etonians had introduced so largely into the early Association football from their own school game in the "Field." Passing, long or short, became the watchword of the game. If ever a man had the genius for "finding" good players it was Mr. Sudell; and he not only found them, but his almost greater feat followed by getting the class so quickly to assimilate.

William Gunn's Methods.

Speaking of dribbling just now reminds me of a great player of those days, who, to my mind, was something of a failure. I am thinking of William Gunn. Nature had blessed him with pace and physique; but pass Gunn would not. He would go down the field on the wings of the wind with all his forwards following hard up—and Gunn took some following. And what for? As E. C. Bambridge observed, it was most heart-breaking—the end usually being that Gunn kicked behind. William never played as if he had much heart for the game. He shirked the robust charging of the backs, as they charged in that great football era.

Allowing for the old warhorse's affection for the past, I do not think that the game is played so well now as it was in the last six years of the 'eighties and the early 'nineties. And I am not alone in my diagnosis of the cause. Excessive or repressive legislation has driven much of the sport out of the game. Referees, by failing to appreciate honest charging, have sown a spirit of discord in professional play. There is no give-and-take now. If one touches a man now it is a trip or a foul (according to the referee's book of revelations).

Over Legislation.

Honest charging has gone by the board, and with it the spirit of sport. Everything now is attributed to what the F.A. would call "illegal intention." No one ever touches a Preston North End in the 'eighties of foul play. They played hard football. And so did Aubrey Smith and the Walters, of Charterhouse. But it was all scrupulously fair. And as our good friend, Rowland Hill, says, "Football is not a game for old ladies and young girls." And we shall never see the like of the Preston North End team of the 'eighties.

Will Fitchie get his Scottish cap? This is a question that amateurs are asking themselves. Fitchie travelled to Glasgow expressly to play for Queen's Park against the Corinthians, and to enable the Scottish International Committee to take stock of him. Fitchie's work made a good impression, but for Scotland good players are plentiful, though many are attached to the English League clubs. In a year when the amateurs look like having a good show in England's matches it would be rather fitting to see the young West Norwood and Arsenal player in the Scottish side to play England in London next April.

London's Senior Cup draw contains so many good games that it is with setting out. It was

made at the beginning of last month, but was in rather a complicated state, because the fourth and fifth qualifying rounds had not been completed. The draw works out thus:—

Old Carthusians v. West Hamstead.
Old Malvernians v. Casuals.
Townley Park v. Richmond Association.
Old Westminsters v. Clapton.
Dulwich Hamlet v. Catford South End.
Leytonstone v. West Norwood.
Bromley v. Ilford.
Ealing v. London Caledonians.

TEMPLAR.

LEAGUE CLUBS' CHANCES.

How the Leading Sides Have Fared
During the Holidays.

The Christmas and New Year's holiday matches so frequently play have with the change of fancied teams to the big League competitions that it is rather interesting to run through the book and see how the leading clubs have fared since the tables were compiled for the Monday preceding Christmas Eve.

Then, in the "First League," Newcastle were at the head of affairs. Since then Newcastle have gone through some strenuous games. On Christmas Eve they failed at Sunderland, but by victories over Woolwich Arsenal at Plumstead and Notts County at Newcastle they have secured for this season, and are entrenched at the top of the League table as firm as ever.

Their most dangerous rivals, Everton, have shown consistent form, and have gained a point on the United, but Sunderland and Sheffield United have both played in in-and-out style, and have gone back a trifle. Thus the nearest to Newcastle United on the list are Everton, one point behind with one match more played—a relative difference of three points. Sheffield United are on the same mark as Newcastle, but have played two more matches—a difference of four points, and Sunderland are two points behind, with two more matches played, a difference relatively of six points.

Newcastle Prospective Champions.

Newcastle start the new year in a fine position, and should they maintain the capital form which they have shown during the holiday year they will certainly be hailed as League champions next April.

At the other end of the table the struggle to escape relegation, and to the second division, is quite as keen. The holidays have rather tended to confirm the opinion that Notts County and Middlesbrough will fall by the way, though Notts Forest, Stoke, the "Wolves," and others are by no means out of the wood. Bury, after securing three points in their first ten games, have secured twelve out of the second ten. Their revival has been one of the features of the season.

In the Second Division three clubs—Bolton Wanderers, Manchester United, and Liverpool—have come from the back, and though Bristol City have been hanging on to the leaders desperately, they have failed to show quite such good form, and are now well behind. They in turn have also run away from the rest of the field.

Good Start Not Maintained.

Liverpool, after winning eleven out of their first thirteen games, and drawing the other two, have now lost six points, and are third on the list. Manchester United's record is a wonderful one. After losing one match and drawing two matches in their first five games, they have run up a sequence of fourteen victories off the reel, and are now in the best position. Bolton Wanderers are second, with six dropped points, and it will be either Liverpool or Bolton who will accompany Manchester to the First Division.

In the Southern League there is no change to chronicle except that Southampton lost a point during the holidays, compared with Reading and Bristol Rovers, by drawing with the Spurs at Southampton. Reading and the Rovers have won their games in handsome style. The position is very similar to that prevailing in the Second Division. Reading, Bristol, and Southampton are outstripped at their heels, and are in the light of the top of affairs, and one of the trio will win the championship.

Thus, taken all round, it will be seen that the holidays have made little or no change in the prospects of the leading clubs.

CITIZEN.

Official returns show that 37,000 people paid for admittance to the Bolton-Manchester United match, the receipts amounting to £1,150—a record game for the London Park ground. Including ticket-holders and many who gained free admittance by rushing the gates, it is safe to say that over 40,000 people were present.

COLONIAL CRICKET.

South Australia Easily Defeat Victoria
—Armstrong's Fine Stand.

MELBOURNE, Wednesday.—The match between Victoria and South Australia ended to-day in a victory for the latter by an innings and 72 runs. Full score:—

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—First Innings.

A. R. Gehrs, c McLeod, b Saunders	170
F. T. Hack, c Osborn, b Laver	57
C. Hill, b McLeod	29
J. Darling, b Collins	35
N. Claxton, c Collins, b Armstrong	58
C. B. Jennings, c Laver, b Saunders	6
P. Pelley, b Saunders	0
P. M. Newland, lbw, b Armstrong	4
J. Reedman, c Osborn, b Saunders	4
J. Travers, not out	27
Combe, st Fry, b McLeod	4
Extras	1
Total	420

VICTORIA.—Second Innings.

Ransford, c Hill, b	38
Reedman	18
McAlister, b Reedman	34
McLeod, c Newland, b	3
Reedman	3
Armstrong, c Jennings,	43
b Reedman	1
Laver, c and b Reed-	41
man	1
Cartke, c Claxton, b	3
Reedman	3
C. B. Jennings, c Re-	0
edman	0
Osborne, st Newland, b	0
Travers	0
Collins, b Travers	0
Saunders, not out	5
Extras	5
Total	129

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